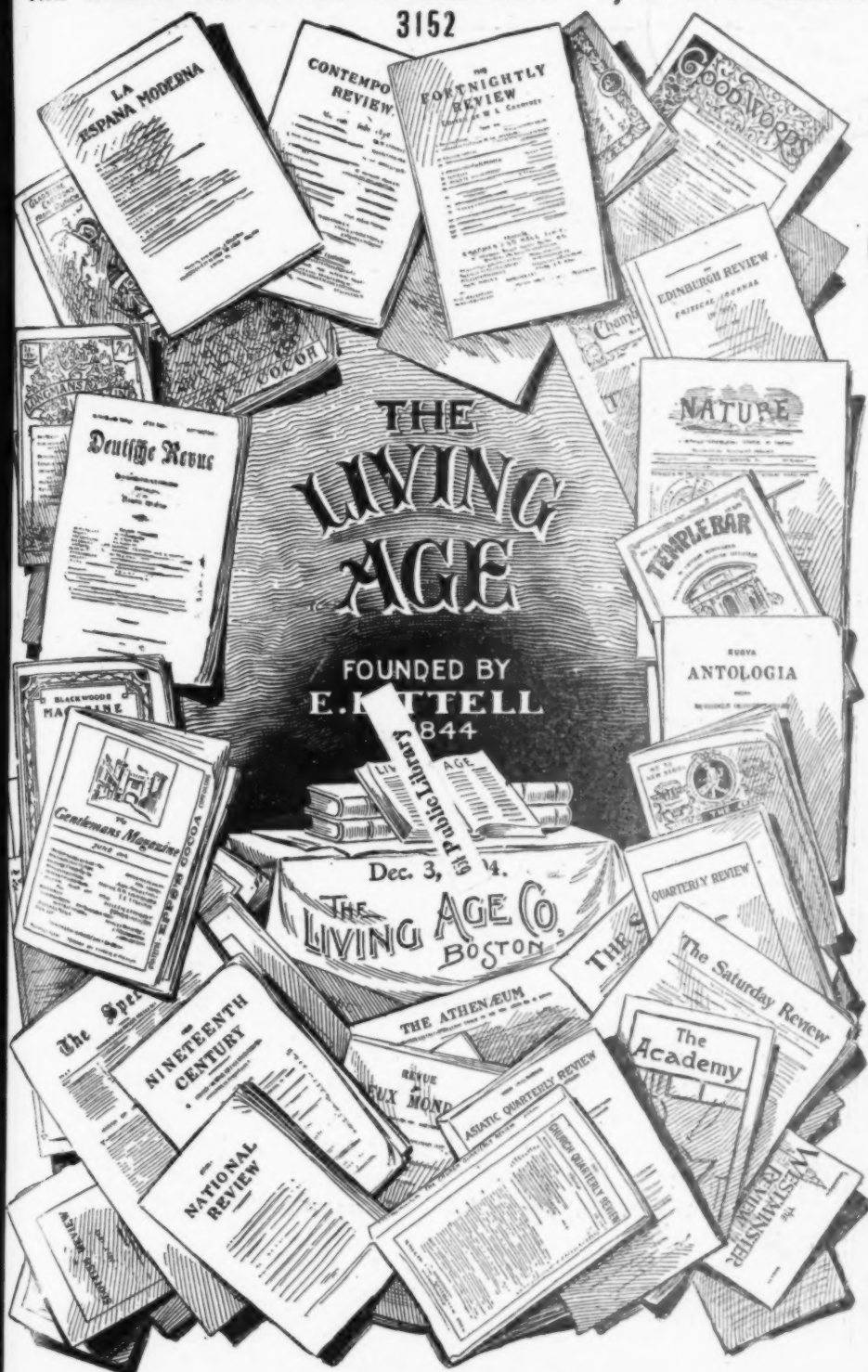


THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF NEUTRALS. By Sir John Macdonell.

3152



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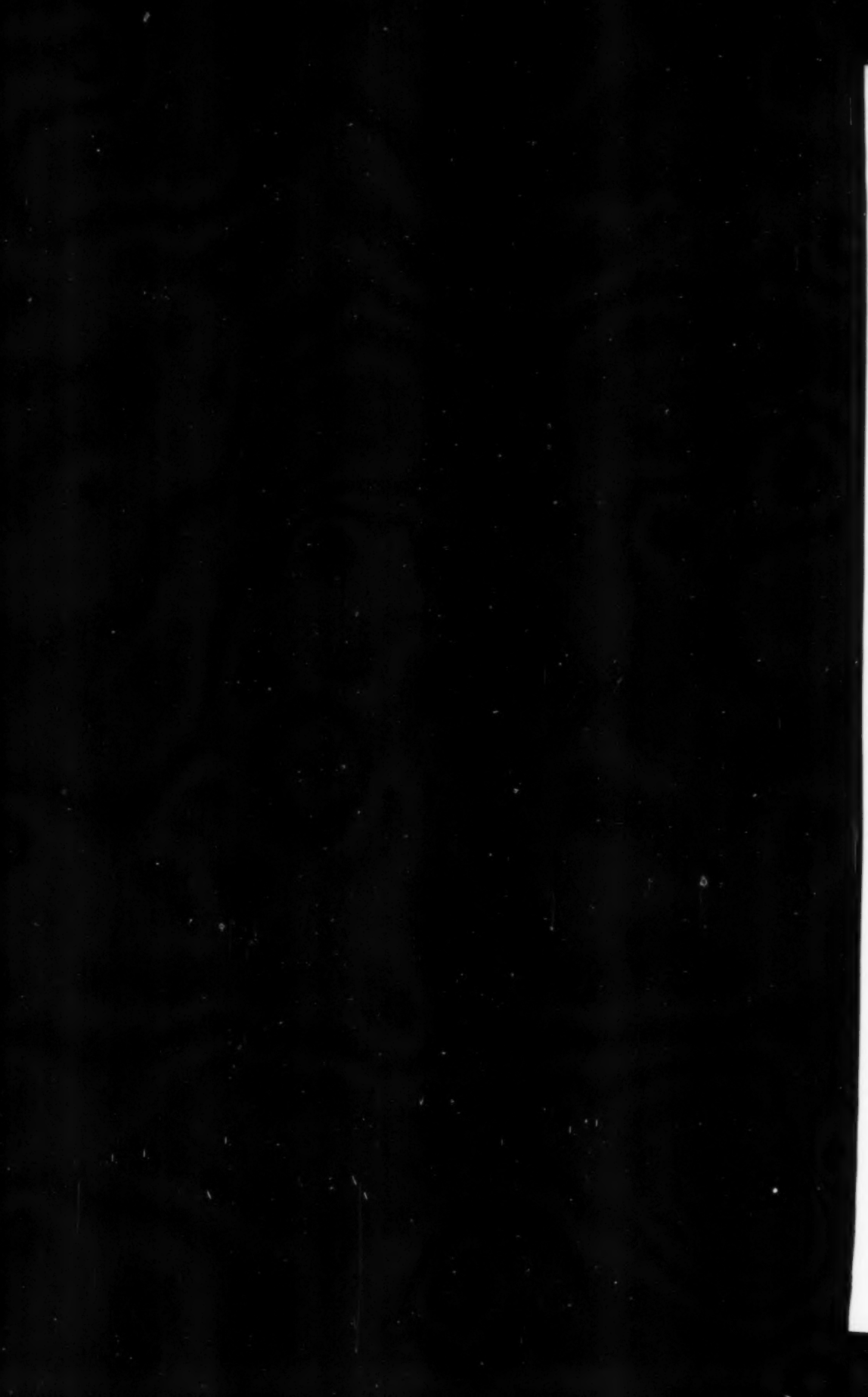
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THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series {
Volume XXV. }

No. 3152—Dec. 3, 1904.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXLIII. }

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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXLIII.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF NEUTRALS. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

During the present war the dangerous state of uncertainty as to some of the rights and duties of neutrals has been manifest. There has been many irritating incidents, and more than once the tension in the relations of this country and Russia has been grave. Nor have the differences been altogether ascribable to exorbitant demands by one belligerent. The controversies which have arisen have revealed the absence of precise rules and diversity of opinion as to their meaning. Men of business have been amazed to find that the rules governing several matters of capital importance are clouded with doubts, and that some of those which are generally accepted, when brought into the full light of day, seem framed with reference to circumstances unlike our own—to a world in which commercial intercourse was on another scale and of another kind than what we know—to isolated communities for which maritime trade was of little moment, and in which each country produced its own food and raw material. If extremities have been averted, this has been owing to causes upon

which neutrals cannot count in any war where one or both of the belligerents possess a powerful and effective fleet. It is probably a mistake to assume that in this war there have been wholly exceptional grounds of offence to neutrals (the recent mad acts of the Russian Baltic squadron excepted) such as will not exist in any future war. Incidents as irritating, though with altogether different circumstances, as the sinking of the *Knight Commander* and the seizure of the *Allanton* and *Calchas*, have been known in almost all wars in which belligerents had ample sea power. They might be more numerous than they have been if the theatre of operations were nearer home, or if the belligerents were, say, Germany or the United States, with many cruisers patrolling all the great routes of commerce.

In these circumstances President Roosevelt's promise to the Interparliamentary Union to call a Conference to complete or continue the work of that of the Hague is to be welcomed. The decision is marked by his usual cour-

age. His advisers must have warned him of the difficulties to be encountered, the conflict of interests which exists, the traditional policies of certain Governments in regard to matters as to which the United States have pledged themselves. I think, however, that they would be justified also in assuring him that America could with peculiar hopes of success convoke such a Conference. She is not disinterested or unpledged as to several questions which may come before it. Successive Presidents and Secretaries of State have taken as to the rights and duties of neutrals a distinct line of their own—notably as to immunity from capture of private property at sea. But for many reasons an invitation which would be regarded with distrust if it came from, say, Germany—which would certainly be denounced as veiling sinister designs if it proceeded from England—may be accepted when the invitation is by the President of the United States. It would be inexpedient to meet while war was in progress: a useful discussion of many points, and those among the most urgent and delicate, would be out of the question; as well might one calmly consider improvements in the structure of a house while it was on fire. The representatives of Japan and Russia could not attend; their presence (if conceivable) would freeze up frank debate; and resolutions come to in their absence might be of small value. Besides, as experience shows, the close of a great war is favorable to the adoption of new principles and the introduction of new practices: experience has accumulated; new questions are propounded; old solutions have been found faulty; a new spirit enters on the scene; and so the Congresses or Conferences of 1815 (Vienna), 1856 (Paris), 1874 (Brussels Conference as to usages of war), and 1878 (Berlin), introduced great changes in international law.

The precise object of the proposed Conference has not yet been defined. "Our efforts should take shape," the President said, "in pushing forward to completion the work already begun at the Hague." "Whatever is now done should appear, not as something divergent therefrom, but as a continuation thereof." That is the only definite announcement. In the final "Act" of the Hague Conference six wishes for the future were expressed: (1) The revision of the Geneva Convention; (2) that "the questions of rights and duties of neutrals may be inserted in the programme of a conference in the near future"; (3) an agreement, if possible, as to the employment of new types of guns; (4) the limitation of armed forces; (5) the inviolability of private property at sea; (6) the question of the bombardment of ports and towns. Each of these subjects is important. The first need take little time. Whether the third and sixth are ripe for discussion I do not know. There is reason to think that the fourth proposal would not fare much better at a Conference held this year or next than it did at the Hague. A Conference called by the United States Government will be pretty sure to be asked to consider the fifth suggestion—the proposal for immunity of private property at sea from capture. The President by his Message of last December showed that he agreed with his predecessors as to this "humane and beneficent principle"; and both Houses of Congress passed last April a resolution in favor of it. Of this much debated question, involving so many considerations of policy and turning on high speculative matters, I will only say that it appears to me that more and more the interests of England become those of a neutral State, and that it would be to her advantage on the whole that private property on sea were exempt from capture. The arguments of Mr. Hall and others in favor of this

course have been greatly strengthened. For us the capture of the sea-borne property of other countries is not the weapon of offence which it once was, or was supposed to be. It is inconceivable that the destruction of commerce at sea of any rival could determine in our favor the issue of a war in which we were engaged; while the systematic harrying of our trade might in certain circumstances be a serious blow to England. The conditions under which a maritime war would in these days be carried on by or against England do not resemble those existing when she was supreme at sea; on the contrary, as Mr. Hall says,

in some ways they are startlingly altered for the worse, and in none is it clear that they are bettered. Her probable enemies are not more vulnerable than before—perhaps they are less so—while she is herself far more open to attacks upon her trade, and the consequences of attack may be grave. . . . The fact is, whether we like to face it or not, that in a purely maritime war England can reap little profit, and might find ruin.

And all this is seen by the jurists of other countries. I doubt much whether at the present time the chief maritime States are prepared to accept the proposal so often made at Washington.

The greatest service which the President could render in the present circumstances would be to convoke a Conference at which should be considered, as far as time permitted, the rights and duties of neutrals. It would be the first occasion upon which their side of questions of importance to them received full attention. Belligerents' interests have been always studied. It is high time that those of neutrals were equally regarded. It would be foolish to hope that at any one Conference a complete code of neutrality could be framed; in view of the diversity of opinion as to important points, the time

has not come for framing any complete statement on the subject. But some questions which it is probably dangerous to leave open might be settled. To many the interest in the Conference arises from the hope that the claims of neutrals will for the first time be fairly and fully recognized. For them, as well as for belligerents, some of these matters are of supreme moment. For the first time, it is to be hoped, it will be assumed that, peace being the normal state of things, it lies on belligerents to show cause why their requirements should prevail, to the disadvantage of neutrals. It is clear that, if real business is to be done, there must be a precise statement of the objects and scope of the Conference. Upon this may depend whether certain Powers will enter into it. The choice will be particularly difficult for this country. Are we to decline, as in 1874 at Brussels and in 1899 at the Hague, to join in a discussion of maritime rights? It is putting the same question in another form to ask. Are we prepared to uphold in its entirety the system of rules which Lord Stowell expounded, and which our navies enforced in the French wars? And so we face the question, Are our interests in the main those of neutrals? These are the initial questions. According as we answer them the projected Conference may, or may not prove a failure.

In deciding as to the course to be taken one fact is of moment: public opinion on the Continent, the conviction probably of the bulk of those who will attend any Conference, is and has been that the present maritime law is unduly favorable to England, and that many of the customs or rights originated in her prolonged naval supremacy. In every country, America excepted, that view, expressed by Hautefeuille, Gessner, Duboc, Dupuis, and a score of other writers, is dominant. It may be assumed that the majority of

the representatives of Continental States will approach many of the questions to be discussed in that spirit. And yet it would be unfortunate, as it seems to me, if this country, in spite of the prejudice against her to be looked for in some quarters, were to hold aloof. Only let us not enter into such a Conference until we know what we want, what we are prepared to concede, and what is, on full consideration of facts as they stand to-day, vital to national interests. And that brings back the question, Are they, on the whole, the interests of a neutral State?

Here may be mentioned some matters as to which, without any serious sacrifice of our potential efficiency as a maritime Power, peaceful discussion will be useful. One of these is the need of some restriction on the right of search in the interest of peace; in the enlightened interest, I might add, of belligerents as well as neutrals. We have lately seen what inconvenience may be caused by two or three cruisers stationing themselves in a much frequented channel and holding up passing vessels. Exercised by a country with a large fleet at its command, and with cruisers in every one of the great highways and at all the gates of commerce, this right might conceivably become an intolerable nuisance. The conditions of intercourse by sea have wholly changed since the Napoleonic wars. The vessels which were then overhauled and confiscated were generally of no more than 200 or 300 tons. The articles which were seized were cheese, barrels of tar, or ships' spars or masts. A treasure galleon from Brazil might occasionally be snapped up. A rich Indiaman might fall a prey to a French frigate or a privateer from St. Malo. But the *Surcoufs* and *Paul Joneses* inflicted small wounds. They did not sever one of the arteries of a nation or cut off a limb; the existence of a community was not put in jeopardy by impeding

the importation of a prime necessary of life. Further—and it is a not unimportant circumstance—when private persons were ruined by the capture of their property the community might hear nothing of it until it was a very old story. Nowadays the vessels which may be stopped and perhaps confiscated may be of several thousand tons burthen and of the value of half a million. To overhaul them, if ships' papers are not deemed conclusive, may take hours; to bring them into port may be seriously to interrupt the intercourse of the subjects of nations with no concern in the dispute; to stop mail communication and disorganize traffic; to put to much, it may be irreparable, inconvenience a multitude of innocent persons. Suppose that in a war with Germany we were freely to exercise this right of search against every American vessel which our cruisers met; what must be the result? Our experience in South African waters suggests the answer. There is force in the remarks of Admiral Réveillère: "Le droit de fouiller les neutres est absolument incompatible avec les besoins de circulation des neutres. Le droit de visite est un dernier vestige des temps de petite industrie."¹ Whether in these days any prudent belligerent dare exercise persistently the right of search against the mercantile marine of a powerful neutral is questionable. It might mean war; its free exercise did mean that, and no less, in the past; and the peril is much greater in these days when the uninterrupted flow of traffic by sea is of vital consequence to nations. The working plant of the modern civilized world includes mail steamers, cargo boats conveying food or raw materials, and telegraph cables. It may well be doubted whether powerful neutrals will submit to this machinery being broken up and their indus-

¹ "Journal des Economistes," September 1904, p. 395.

tries dislocated, in order that the ring may be kept clear for the combatants, and the game of war be played out in the old way.

It is not to be supposed that any Conference called by statesmen would discuss visionary suggestions for the abolition of the right of search, though probably its value as a weapon to belligerents has been much overrated. But it is well worthy of consideration whether a plan might not be devised by which shipowners who do not wish to carry contraband—and those who will have nothing to do with such business are perhaps not the majority—could obtain practical immunity from search. Among the schemes which have been suggested are these: The issuing at the port of shipment of a certificate by the Consul of a belligerent which would be deemed conclusive as to the nature of the cargo; immunity, at all events, for mail steamers provided with such a certificate; immunity of mail bags from examination—an immunity which would rarely be seriously injurious to the belligerent; international agreements not to exercise the right of search except within certain areas in waters adjacent to ports of belligerents. The practical objections to one and all of these suggestions are pretty obvious, and their shortcomings not a few. Even if they were adopted they would not remove some of the inconveniences which shipowners now experience. Still it might be worth while to examine these and other suggestions for restricting the exercise of a right which rarely fails to exasperate neutrals.

Another matter to be considered is the sinking of neutral ships carrying alleged contraband. Hitherto in this country and in most others it has been understood that, to quote the words of Dr. Lushington in the *Leucade*:

When a vessel under neutral colors is delayed, she has the right to be

brought to adjudication, according to the regular course of proceeding, in the Prize Court; and it is the very first duty of the captors to bring it in if it is practicable. . . . The general rule is that if a ship under neutral colors be not brought to a competent court for adjudication the claimants are, as against the captors, entitled to costs and damages.

That is the rule expressed with some ambiguity and reservation by Lord Stowell in the *Felicity*. It is also the rule of plain justice. But it is to be owned that, in conformity with the tendency in the past to sacrifice everything to the interests of the belligerent, certain writers seem to countenance destruction of neutral property when it is very convenient to him. No high-spirited or self-respecting nation could submit to such indignity; and the sooner there is a universally recognized rule on this matter the better for the peace of the world.

We have heard much lately about the necessity of defining contraband and the perplexity of shipowners on the subject. I am not very hopeful that a Conference will wholly remove the difficulties which always arise as to this. There is the fact that there prevail radically different opinions; and unfortunately these opinions have become identified with the supposed interests of particular nations. It is not easy to see how to prevent indefiniteness on this subject. Among the untenable proposals in the field is that of doing away with accidental contraband. Any attempt to frame an exhaustive list of articles of contraband or to eliminate altogether accidental contraband is sure to be disappointing. It implies an impossible degree of foresight; it ignores the fact that articles which if sent to one destination may be of no use except for ordinary purposes of commerce may be of great value to an army or a fleet if they reach another.

So various are the circumstances of warfare that it is hopeless to try to predetermine, by treaty or otherwise, what may be of capital importance to a belligerent. One alleviation of the inconvenience flowing from the present system may be suggested: a freer, fairer use by the captor of pre-emption; a further extension of what was a humane accretion on the old system; compensation for seizing a neutral's goods alleged to be contraband, not on an artificially low and inadequate scale, as given now, but awarded with a liberal hand, as due to one whose property has been forcibly seized.² I touch here a matter of wide significance. The creation of a tribunal enjoying the confidence of both belligerents and neutrals, to decide claims by the latter for damages, is much needed, not only as to pre-emption, but as to cases of unlawful capture. A Prize Court of the belligerent State is not the tribunal to assess the injury which a belligerent has inflicted.

A point of importance which might be cleared up without much difficulty is the extent and nature of the right of belligerent vessels of war in neutral ports, the supply to them of coal and provisions, and the carrying out of repairs. The matter was little regarded until the English Government, compelled by the operations of the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and other Confederate cruisers to consider the matter, laid down for the guidance of colonial Governors regulations which have been generally followed. In the discussion with reference to the Russian vessels, the *Diana* at Saigon and the *Askold* at Shanghai, it has appeared that there is still a good deal of uncertainty on the

point. Our rule on the matter is tolerably clear, but it appears to differ from that recognized by France, which fixes no definite time for a belligerent vessel remaining in neutral ports. Much is to be said for the opinion that such a vessel taking refuge in a neutral port, to escape pursuit or by reason of being disabled so as to continue her voyage, should remain interned until the end of the war. That agrees with the practice observed in land warfare. It was recently followed in Chinese ports. It has much to recommend it; and it seems in a fair way to obtain general acceptance.

Hitherto this matter has been looked at almost exclusively from the point of view of the belligerent. There has been solicitude on the part of neutrals not to give him cause of complaint by allowing the territory of the former to be used as a base of operations or the place from which an enemy draws his resources and supplies. In the course of this war it has been shown that neutrals may be well advised in seeing that facilities for coaling and refitting are not used to their disadvantage. To refuse supplies altogether would be to break a well-settled custom, and might produce consequences revolting to humanity; it would be particularly offensive to States with no colonies. On the other hand it is absurd—it is an abuse of hospitality—that vessels should be free to coal at English ports and then to sail out and overhaul, confiscate, or detain English vessels. I see no reason why such supplies should be granted, such repairs be made, only on condition that the belligerent promised to allow the vessels of the State whose hospitality he had enjoyed

² After referring to the "more mitigated practice of pre-emption," Lord Stowell remarks in one case: "I have never understood that on the side of the belligerent this claim goes beyond the case of cargo avowedly bound to the enemy's port or suspected on just grounds to have a concealed destination of that kind; or that on the

side of the neutral the same exact compensation is to be expected which he might have demanded from the enemy in his own port. . . . Certainly the capturing nation does not always take the cargoes on the same terms on which an enemy would be content to purchase them."

—"The Haabet," 2 C. Rob. pp. 182, 183.

to be undisturbed within certain limits or within a certain period—say, in the case of supply of coals, within such time as the supply of coal will normally suffice. As Professor Westlake has well said, "the preservation of her commerce from any impairment is quite as necessary to Great Britain as the retention of Manchuria is to Russia."

While Prize Courts are constituted as they now are—composed of judges with commissions from a belligerent Government and sitting in the territory of the belligerent—neutrals will have cause to complain. The constitution of such courts has been condemned by almost every writer from the time of Galiani to our own. Of the many proposals of amendment all agree in suggesting the removal of the anomaly of a purely belligerent court determining neutrals' rights. One of the most reasonable of the suggested amendments is that made by the Institute of International Law, which has worked out with much care the organization and procedure of an international tribunal upon which neutral States are represented.

Another matter, subsidiary, it is true, but not unimportant, may one day have to be considered. There is need of a free examination of a mass of traditional rules or customs which operate harshly against neutrals, and certain, if they were ever put into operation on a large scale, to be re-sented. I refer in particular to the rules affecting the sale of ships or goods during war. In time of peace people may agree that the property in such, whether on land or on water, whether stationary or in transit, may pass at any moment. True, the municipal law may require formalities as a condition of valid transfer; these complied with,

the real intention of the parties, broadly stated, governs the transaction. In a time of war neutrals supplying belligerents with goods (I exclude for the moment contraband) might and often do agree that the property in them should not pass, that the risk should be the seller's, until they reach a belligerent port. Or belligerents who own ships might and often do when war breaks out dispose of such as are at sea to neutral owners. Examined in a court of law, such transactions would indeed be viewed with suspicion; the strict observance of obligatory forms would suggest some unavowed design or some secret trust. If, however, the parties meant what they said—if there was a real, not a formal, sale—their acts would stand. But this would not do for a belligerent, accustomed to have it all his own way; in some Prize Courts a different rule is introduced; a transaction is declared to be "fraudulent" which may in good sense and morals not be fraudulent; the intention of the parties may be disregarded—and why? Because otherwise, as is cynically remarked, the belligerent would have little to seize—the wolf would have nothing to pick up if the sheepfold might be closed.³ Our courts have adopted a somewhat more liberal principle, though, considering the difficulties placed in the way of a neutral claimant proving his case, the concession does not in practice amount to much. I note that the Supreme Court of the United States has lately declined to follow the old rule.⁴ It is possible that most civilized countries would do the same. But it is scarcely safe to leave the matter in the present state of uncertainty. It is to be hoped that at some Conference there will be a united condemnation of the old form

³ See Arnould on "Marine Insurance," 7th ed., s. 659, and "Wheaton," 4th ed., p. 50, as to English and American rule. A similar doctrine prevails as to mortgages. As to the French jurisprudence, which apparently follows the old

rule, Duboc on "Le Droit de Visite," p. 92, and Dupuis, "Le Droit de la Guerre Maritime," p. 117.

⁴ See 176 U.S. 568.

of the rule—"the result," to quote an American judge, "of political expediency, and as evincing a determination in the British Councils to destroy all commerce with their enemy rather than as rules of international law"—and that in future the validity of such transfers will be always a question of fact to be decided without any bias either way, suspicion and presumption not being substitute for proof.

Many other questions of great importance to neutrals are ripe for discussion, such, for example, as the restrictions which belligerents may impose upon the use of wireless telegraphy by neutrals in the vicinity of the

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scene of warlike operations. What is urgent seems to be a full consideration of the rights and duties of neutrals; a Conference of a kind hitherto unknown; one in which for the first time the neutral side of the questions above mentioned should be stated and should receive due weight, and concerted measures be taken to see that neutrals' interests are respected, and the necessities of peace as well as those of war recognized. Such a Conference might leave many matters untouched or unsettled, and yet give the world by peaceable discussion more than the Armed Neutrality of the past ever promised.

John Macdonell.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST. IV.

THE PATH IN THE EAST IS STRANGE.

Yinkow, September.

The Foreigner was unutterably bored. Only those who have to attend similar functions, buttoned up to the neck in an absurd tunic in artificially heated salons, can realize the boredom bred of a succession of diplomatic soirées. The Foreigner was bored. He had nodded to the men he knew from his Embassy, had bowed himself low in answer to the courteous salutations of other foreign mocking-birds like unto himself, had kissed the tips of the fingers of perhaps two smiling dames, and had settled himself to lean on the balustrade until the season might be seemly for him to slip down the grand stairway into the cool outside. The chatter of feminine voices, the flashing of dazzling jewellery, the nodding aigrettes, the electro-plated magnificence of waist-laced cavaliers interested him no more. The panoply of peace. He gazed at the stream of smiling faces as they moved past him. There was not

one that interested him. He fell musing to himself. Was it a diplomatic reception, was it a carnival, or was it a *corroborée*—the modern development of those orgies the description of which had fascinated him in perusal when a boy? There was a temporary dissolution of the crowd. An archduke or a princess was passing, and the ushers divided the crowd of gilded guests to make a passage. As the way opened the Foreigner caught sight of a face on the far side of the salon which seemed to reflect the very thoughts that were passing through his own mind. A little swarthy face. A face which, in spite of the low forehead, beady black eyes, and Mongolian bluntness, was full of intelligence. At the moment cynical intelligence. The dwarfish body which supported the head was clothed in an unobtrusive uniform, and the long ingenious fingers of the yellow hands were playing nervously with a plumed sbako. An impulse seized the

Foreigner, and he walked across the room. Though he had not an acquaintance with the little yellow soldier standing against the salon wall, with his shoulder scarce reaching to the dado, yet he knew him to be an extra-attaché to the Japanese Legation, and his own thoughts seemed to be so accurately reflected in the expression on the stranger's face that the Foreigner was drawn towards him.

At the first salutation the diminutive attaché started visibly, and, taken unawares, bowed deeply and apologetically, as is the custom of his people. The Foreigner uttered a few common-places in the diplomatic tongue, which resulted in more nervous agitation of the shako. It was evident that the little man did not understand. He glanced furtively up into the bigger man's face, smiled inanely, and drew in his breath between his teeth. The Foreigner tried English and German in turn, but their use elicited no reply beyond the deliberately sucked-in breath. An awkward silence, and then the little attaché thrust his hand in his breast-pocket and produced a card. This was handed to the Foreigner with a courtly bow. It read—

*Lieutenant H. Kamimoto,
Imperial Japanese Army.*

The Foreigner bowed, shook hands with his tiny acquaintance, and then, the time being propitious, passed out into the cool of night, hailed a fiacre, and drove home. The little olive face remained in his mind, the cynicism and cunning in it when he had first seen it, the instant change to apologetic courtesy, as soon as he spoke, and the depth of intelligence contained in the eyes, which for the rest had an almost brutal setting.

Three years later the Foreigner found himself among the guests at a mid-summer party. After the usual com-

pliments, he accompanied his hostess into the garden, where the younger folk were disporting themselves upon the tennis-courts. For a moment the Foreigner was left alone to watch the play. A lithe little figure in flannels was the heart and soul of the game. Few could persevere against his returns, none place a ball beyond his reach. His play was an exhibition of marvellous skill, the subtle strength of controlled energy.

"Who is your dark little Ravenshaw?" asked the Foreigner as he rejoined his hostess.

"That is Mr. Kamimoto, a Cambridge friend of George's. He is a Japanese; doesn't he play a splendid game, and such a funny little fellow too?"

Kamimoto and the mental vision of the Foreigner went back to the little apologetic figure with nervous fingers playing round the edge of a full-dress shako.

The set was over, and when the congratulations had lulled the Foreigner had a look at the little olive face. It was the same, only the cynical suggestion of superiority had gone out of it. The infinite courtesy remained. Presently the Foreigner was able to step to the little man's side. He put out his hand to him.

"Have we not met before?"

A smile flickered under the stiff little impertinence of a moustache, and the answer came in perfect English.

"You have often called at the Japanese Legation: perhaps you have seen me there."

"No; Paris, I think!"

The breath was drawn in between the closed teeth. "You are, I think, mistaken. We Japanese are so much alike. I have never been in Paris." This answer given, the little man gave the Foreigner a signal glance which he understood. A soldier's freemasonry. The Foreigner understood, and as he moved away, he noticed that

though the little attaché appeared quite at ease with the men, yet he was awkward in his courtesy to the daughters of the house who flitted round him with refreshments. The Foreigner's interests were aroused. He would cultivate this little oddity, who was an attaché to a legation one year and a Cambridge undergraduate the next, and who politely denied past acquaintances. The Foreigner moved aside to do his duty by his hostess and her daughters, and wherever he turned he noticed that the olive tennis-player was observing him.

Later in the evening, when the guests were retiring early in anticipation of a long day's boating picnic on the morrow, the Foreigner found little Kamimoto at his elbow. "May I come to your room and talk to you a little before we turn in?"

"Certainly, I shall be more than pleased," was the Foreigner's answer. Five minutes later they were seated on a sofa in the Foreigner's bedroom.

"Well, my student-militant, explain it all. What is the reason of the present masquerade?" and the Foreigner greeted the little attaché with a genial slap on the knee.

The breath was drawn in again. It might have been that the familiarity was resented, or—and this is more probable—it gave the speaker an extra second to debate his answer.

"It means that the educational institutions of England are suitable to the improvement of my mind!"

"But such improvement as you desire is surely not amongst schoolboys—the military academy and college are surely more in your particular line? Remember there was a first lieutenant's braid on that shako in Paris."

The smile, which immediately drives out the unintelligent look from the average Japanese face, flickered for a moment, and then the attaché answered. "You are very clever to re-

member that. But you know that your military institutions are closed to me."

"My dear sir, you can go and see them any day you like. I can arrange —!"

"You are very good, and I thank you, but you couldn't arrange for me to become an inmate—a cadet, fellow of your cadets. I expect that I know all that could be learned through the 'open door.' It is the shut door that I must study."

"But being a soldier—why try the Universities? In their educational attainments they profess to despise us. We are to them no more than the blue-bloused butcher—a very necessary evil, necessary to the economy of life-salaried assassins!"

"But you draw your officers from the same class as fills your Universities. You even have University candidates. It is not the system so much as the man that I desire to know."

"To what end?"

"There is only one end for us Japanese: that is the service of our country."

"How long have you been at Cambridge?"

"Two years: my period there is now finished. I seek a new field!"

"And that is—?"

"The reason of my coming to see you in your room to-night!"

There was a pause: the Foreigner looked earnestly at his little companion. It was evident that he was working upon some line, and the Foreigner was not quite satisfied that the line was unmasked.

"Anything I can do!" was tamely interpolated.

"You can supply what I most want,—I wish to see the life of your people as you see it."

"Certainly; if you will revert to your military rank, I will have you put up for my club!"

Kamimoto shook his head. "I have already received that honor. As far as your 'open door' is concerned I know most things. I have moved about your service clubs, meeting with courtesy on every hand. The courtesy that chills, that brackets one in the estimation of your countrymen with a little piece of lacquer. I am interesting because I am Japanese and small of stature. Finding no sympathy among the Englishmen of my own calling, I tried the women. What was open to me? The women of the streets. There was nothing there. Then I tried your colleges. Perhaps that was better; but your young men are such children. One tires of them. And even though I can equal them in all their games, and maybe pass them in their work, yet I am to them the little piece of *bric-a-brac* still."

The Foreigner leaned back in his chair and smiled. The line was unmasking itself. "Surely you are not suffering under the lash of forced abnegation: is not humility the soul of the Japanese nation—the ethics of Bushido?"

"Bushido?"—and the little man's eyes sparkled like coals of fire. "Do you know the meaning of Bushido in English? It is 'bosh.' The fanciful hallucination of some countryman of yours, who, living amongst us, has sunk his nationality,—which is his sense of proportion—his reason. This brush-business in cheap-colored virtue is as painful to us as the patronizing tolerance which classifies us as children. Only let me know you, and I will disabuse your mind of the many Japanese fables which pervert the understanding of the Western world. If all our antiquaries were not foreigners, this load of libel would not have been added to the burden which my country has to bear." The line was now unmasked, and from that day there sprang up between the Eastern and Western soldier a friend-

ship which ripened into affection as months cemented the acquaintance.

Kamimoto was sitting in the Foreigner's rooms in Jermyn Street. It was not the same Kamimoto we had known a year before. In rank, in stature, in dress even, it was the same man. But in expression of face it was another. The face was the true type of the Japanese Samurai aristocrat, but it was the face of the Japanese aristocrat who had conquered the mysteries of the West.

Kamimoto blew the ash off the end of his cigar before he answered the question which the Foreigner had put to him. Then he answered in that grave manner which characterized his more thoughtful conversation. "You are in error. If you consider that our national morality as typified by our diplomatic morality is based upon or even influenced by the old Bushido doctrines, then you pay a poor compliment to those doctrines, and upset the labored calculations of those foreigners who find in a fashionable idiosyncrasy of a past age an ideal standard for modern moulding. Don't be gulled by the enthusiasm of fanatical savants. There is one creed which rules all Japanese public morality. Balance the chances, and then pursue the wisest course. All conditions must be subservient to the means by which you attain and maintain the wisest course. Take for instance our alliance with you. You and I have split a bottle over this diplomatic issue. In common with the beetles that crawl, you believe that we have both served our own ends by this diplomatic stroke. What your aims are I suppose only your diplomats know; what are the aims of Japan every Japanese knows. This alliance, for the nonce, was, to all intents and purposes, the wisest course, for it was the only course. But it is not what we desired most. You come

out of it as far as we are concerned as a Hobson's choice. It would have suited us better to have effected the alliance with Russia which Ito failed to negotiate. This alliance would have been offensive against you. Having with Russia's aid destroyed your power in the Far East, we could have dealt with Russia in our own time. We do not fear Russia, and we have cause for our confidence. This latter will soon be brought home to you as the outcome of this new alliance, in spite of the fact that it has been heralded by you as a guarantee for the peace of the East in the immediate future. Are you so blind as not to see that our aspirations to blot you out, our main menace in the Far East, failed through Russia's rapacity. Well, her blood be upon her own head; but we all wish it had been the other way. Come, let us drink another bottle to the alliance, and 'our enemies our friends.'"

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense in such a serious tone; you almost make me believe that you mean what you are saying!"

A smile flickered across Kamimoto's face. "In which you have the true diplomatic force. That is one thing you Englishmen cannot teach us. You can teach us how to build ships and guns, to make armor-plate and gas-engines, but you can teach us nothing in diplomacy. The pop of that cork proves it. We will drink to our alliance, with three times three!"

The world has revolved for another year. The Foreigner's headquarters were now at Tientsin. His country had required his services in the field for Military Intelligence which North China had opened up. Trouble was in the air, and an anaemic Cabinet was now in terror lest the diplomatic stroke which eighteen months ago it had vaunted as a peace-ensuring measure should prove diametrically the opposite.

The Foreigner, in the pursuance of his duties, found himself at Port Arthur. His mission was that of a coal-contractor, his bearing that of a British officer. His disguise would not have deceived an Englishman, therefore the fact that he was not interfered with meant that the police had already sampled him and found him harmless. The Foreigner felt that his chin was rough, so he turned into the first hairdresser's that the highway presented, which looked both respectable and clean. It was a Japanese institution. The majority of petty industries on the Russian-Manchurian seaboard are Japanese. The Foreigner looked for a chair. For the moment there was none. Four Russian officers from the garrison were filling heavily all the available space. The Foreigner knew sufficient Russian to warrant his being discovered as an Englishman if he attempted to speak it in Port Arthur. He was surprised at the freedom of speech of the Russian officers with regard to their professional duties. It seemed that this hairdresser's was a sort of morning club-house. *Vodka* and beer could be served from an *auberge* next door. In due course the Foreigner took his place in the chair. One look in the cheval-glass, and in his agitation he nearly jumped out of the seat. There behind him, lather and brush in hand, and a spotless apron round his waist, stood Kamimoto.

"Shave or hair cut, sir?"

The Foreigner composed himself in a moment, and settled back in his chair. He was reflecting. Kamimoto's question had shown him that, though he was himself masquerading as a German coal-merchant, it was patent to all that he was British; while here stood his Japanese prototype, a perfect barber, reading the minds of the Russian officers from morning till night. The barber's words came back to him. "You can teach us how to make armor-

plate and gas-engines, but you can teach us nothing in diplomacy!"

As Kamimoto handed the Foreigner a towel he said, "If you are staying in the hotel, I can come and shave you before breakfast. Very good, sir, what number—23—very good. 7 o'clock tomorrow. Good morning, sir—thank you!"

The Foreigner left marvelling greatly.

The Foreigner was again desperately bored. His Government, seeing that he had knowledge of Russia and Russian Manchuria, had selected him to represent them with the Japanese Army. He, with some fifteen other foreigners, as weary of life as himself, had now been with the Japanese Army the matter of a month or so. Courteous discourtesy hedged them in on every side. They were within sight of everything that they came to see, yet they saw nothing. Everything had to be done by rule. On the march the horses must proceed at a walk, and no foreigner might be out of sight of the interpreter told off to dry-nurse him. For three long hot desperate weeks they had been confined within the four walls of a filthy Manchurian town. Many of the number were down with abdominal complaints bred of bad feeding, want of exercise, and mental annoyance. Yet the Japanese officer in charge brought his spurred heels together with a snap, bowed low, smiled his superior smile, and expressed his sympathy. This sympathy was as insipid and cheap as the thin Japanese imitation of lager which the unwilling hosts produced on rare feast-days.

The Foreigner was walking moodily and in solitude round the broad rampart of the town. Every indication of war stretched away to the north. But it was not for him. A sabre clinked behind him. He imagined it was worn by some officious sentry sent to chase him from the wall, and he refused to

turn. Then an arm was slipped through his. He turned. It was Kamimoto.

The little soldier looked hard and fit. He was less sleek, it is true; but his eyes showed that he was more a man than when he had shared the Foreigner's rooms in Jermyn Street. The star and three tapes on his sleeve showed that he now commanded a company. The Foreigner took the delicate little hand and shook it warmly. The beady eyes twinkled.

"Aha! it is not all beer and skittles," Kamimoto said smiling.

"The beer is not beer, and there are no skittles."

Kamimoto looked serious a moment, then he said, "I had heard this; I feared as much. It was foolish of you to come. Do you not remember all that I used to tell you in England. You thought I was deceiving you. That shows that I knew you better than you knew me. Take us, we two, as examples of our types. We Japanese know you foreigners better than you know us. Hence the fact that you look darkly towards our outposts and almost wish that you were a Russian. But I liked you too well to deceive you. As you know, I am not of the bigoted anti-foreign section. If we had done worse than we have at present, if we should chance do worse ultimately, I shall be ruled out by the popular feeling of my own country. That is, if the bloody work ahead should spare me. But it is all wrong, all this slaughter—"

"What have you seen?—what have you been in?"

"I—I, the Kamimoto that you know, have been in nothing; but my company was at Nanshan, Telissu, Tashichanou, and Haicheng. It has lost 90 per cent of its original strength. What do we gain? Knowledge of the truth of the belief that we are better men than the foreigner whom we were bred to de-

spise! If we were so assured of this fact, why should we purchase the proof at a price that must eventually tell against us. No; I am Samurai enough to do my duty. But I have slipped of the West long enough to value the lives of my fellows more than the aggrandizement of a particular selfish and hidebound sect. Do you not know what success spells for Japan? Militarism, the curse of the past, will be the curse of the future, and its new foundations will be Japanese and Russian tombstones——"

"Come, come, Kamimoto; this is strange talk, coming as it does from you."

The little man burst out laughing. "Forget it, then. But how about yourself?"

"I—well I have seen nothing."

"What do you wish to see?—surely in another's quarrel a telescope is good enough."

The Foreigner put his hand on his little friend's shoulder. "Can I not give you back your words, Kamimoto? you should know me better than that."

Kamimoto was silent for a moment; he was gazing into the distance. Presently he turned to the Foreigner.

"Remember," he said, "that I am a Japanese officer, and I possess, perhaps, Japanese secrets. But I will do for you all that I can. I came to see you to-day because I felt for you in the trouble which I knew, and many of us knew, was gnawing at your heart. Now, look where I point. Do you see that long low ridge of down, the one to the left of the two peaks with a saddle between them?" The Foreigner nodded assent. "Well, and you see the whole plain covered with tall, waving *kouliang*? Well, on the day when they let you march out of here it will be easy for you to lose yourself in the *kouliang*; try and reach that down just before sundown. And now, *sianara!*" He saluted the Foreigner gravely, and

in a moment had slipped down the ramp. It must have cost him much to have told even so little. What a quaint paradox was this little scrap of an infantry captain!

The Foreigner felt that there was truth in his friend's remark, to the effect that a man was a fool to court hurt in another's quarrel. All through the long day, as he had lain with his body squeezed against the squelching sides of a two-foot mud head-cover, this thought had been forced upon him a hundred times. He was in the front line of a great battle. The ceaseless screech and whirr of the countless shells passing backwards and forwards overhead was sufficient evidence of this, even if at the moment, five yards away, two little Japanese infantrymen had not been levering the corpse of a comrade with their shoulders on to the mud parapet to make the head-cover better. Even if behind a Chinese grave-mound, ten yards in front of him, a hard-hit *sous-officier* had not been nursing a horrible wound, the excruciating agony of which, though it could draw no sound from the tortured man's tongue, caused a thin blue stream of blood to trickle from the sufferer's lip, bitten through and through. There was a lull in the din of war. A restful lull, broken now only by the song of the bullet, slapping its way through the millet-stalks, or sousing into the wet mud with a sound that reminded the Foreigner of a horse landing in bog. The din of battle! Only those who lie in the firing-line and hear the constant screech of the shell as they cleave their terrible way through the air above know the true sounds of modern war. The whip-like smack of the bursting shell, the swish of the scattering bullets, are nothing to the mocking screech of these damned messengers of death as they pursue each other, as if in competition to complete the awful

object of their hideous mission. The whole welkin is discordant with their tumult; you feel the rush of misplaced air, splinters sing in your ears, the earth is in constant tremble with the violence of the discharge; you feel it pulsate against your cheek pressed to the moist mud of the parapet, and then a bullet saps the life-blood of the comrade whose elbow has touched yours day and night for forty hours. There is a limit to human endurance in these straits.

There was a lull, and the Foreigner peeped over the parapet which sheltered him, and communed with himself. Here he was, like Uriah of the Holy Writ, in the forefront of the battle. What had he seen? What could he see? He peered through the stalks of the millet. Ten yards from the trench the crops had been cut—the fallen plants showing that necessity, not season, had caused their downfall. Beyond the cut millet, 800 yards away, was a gentle turf rise. Then a skyline. That was all, if he excepted the entanglement at the foot of the rise. This could not escape his view, for the barbed wires were hung like a butcher's shop with forms that had once been men. The firing recommenced. Surely he would have done better not to have accepted his friend's hospitality, and to have remained upon an eminence in the rear with the staff. There was a shrill burst of laughter at his side: a wretched soldier had been shot through the brain, and his comrades gave vent to their overstrained feelings in hideous mocking laughter at the contortions which a shocked nervous system forced from the lifeless limbs.

Day was just breaking. Kamimoto took the Foreigner by the shoulder and woke him up. "There is some food now; you had better take something, for who shall say when we may move

again or find food." It would have been hard to have recognized in Kamimoto as he now stood the Cambridge undergraduate of a few years ago. He was still mild in manner, but his cheeks were drawn and sunken with privation and sleeplessness; his uniform—he was a *chef-de-bataillon* now, where he had been a company commander three days ago—was torn, dirty, and weather-stained. A dull brown patch above his belt showed where a bullet that travelled round his ribs had bled him. The toes of his boots and his knees were worn through by the rough scarps of the hill-sides; even the scabbard of his two-handed sword, the blade of which had been wielded by Kamimotos of his house for six hundred years, was scarred and friction-marked. Yet withal, save for his eyes, he was mild and even feminine in his appearance.

The Foreigner sat up and partook of the sodden rice that served this little residue of a battalion for food. They were still among the corn-stalks, but in a very different place to where the Foreigner had received his baptism in Russian fire. Since that day he had seen Kamimoto lead five forlorn-hopes that had failed. He had seen half the battalion blotted out amid the entanglements, and had followed the remaining half over the Russian breastworks, and on, on into the plain, to the little rise upon which they now lay. They had barely reached it in time to throw up the sketchy trenches, in which the Foreigner, dead-beat, had cast himself down to snatch a moment's sleep.

"Eat, and pray your gods that you may never see the like of what you have seen again. Think of death in thousands, and wish for peace, pray for peace, work for peace!" And the little officer mixed some tepid green tea with his rice, as is the custom of his country. The Foreigner had no comment to make. He had seen his fill of death,

of suffering, and human tribulation during the past three days.

A man hurried back from the sentry-line, and shooting a suspicious look at the Foreigner, whispered in his commander's ear. He repeated his story twice, and with a smile and apology Kamimoto left his European friend and dived into the corn-stalks in the direction of the outpost-line. The Foreigner continued his meal, and then, expert that he was, little evidences around him could not fail to warn him that something unusual was happening. The *sous-officiers* went round and awakened such men as were sleeping. These jumped up, clutching their rifles, and disappeared into the cover to the north. Men came back for ammunition-bags, and a support came up from the rear. Unable to resist that magnetism which takes men into danger zones, even against their better judgment and often their design, the Foreigner also dived into the corn-stalks. Thirty yards and he had reached a firing-line. It was lying down,—a glance told the expert it was endeavoring to make itself as invisible as possible,—each man was in the posture of a hunter who feels that perhaps he is too near to the wind to successfully stalk a timid quarry. The Foreigner threw himself into the line, and then wriggling forwards saw what the men saw.

The little rise commanded a funnel-shaped depression through which the Liao-yang road struggled. It was a poor road, but on either side of it the corn had been pulled and cast by ruthless hands into the rut-morass to make the going firmer. For half a mile it was possible to trace the roadway as it wound along the base of this little amphitheatre, then it was lost in the standing millet. Along this track a weary column was plodding. The Foreigner looked, and then rubbed his eyes. It was a Russian column. There was no misinterpreting the white tunics

and blue breeches, no mistaking the figures which loomed colossal in comparison with the little fellows with whom he lay. A counter-attack? His trained eye told him that the dejected movement of the dragged column savored not of aggression. The men's rifles were across their backs and their pale worn faces were whiter than their blouses. There was no speech, no sound other than the squelching of their boots in the mire. A surrender? No man came forward to arrange quarter for men too tired, too whipped and beaten, to defend themselves. No Japanese went forward to recommend to them such mercy as they had earned. A misdirected column? That was it. The thought just flashed through the Foreigner's brain, when the voice of the *chef-de-bataillon* rose superior to the silence. The rifles crashed like one. The Russian column stopped dead in its tracks. The leading fours were so close that the Foreigner could see the look of amazement, horror, and despair upon the blanched features of the wretched men. Then as the magazines ground out their leaden avalanche, the leading fours tried to surge backwards, tried to save themselves in flight. It was awful!—the rifles made no smoke to hide the hideous spectacle, it was like the execution of a bound man. Flight was impossible, for the magnitude of the confusion prevented retreat or retaliation. The little Japanese, shouting and jeering, were now upon their feet and redoubling the rapidity of their fire. With blanched cheek and set teeth the Foreigner watched this terrific curtain to the bloody drama in which he had participated. He saw the white tunics melting into the mud like snow under a sleet shower. He saw a mad rush towards the cornstalks baulked by the intensity of the fire. He saw such of the Russians as remained upon their feet throw their arms into the air and stretch out their

naked hands towards the rifles that were annihilating them. Their shrieks were in his ears. Then as if by magic the firing stopped. A little figure—he knew it well, the whole battalion knew it—leaped in front of the firing. For a moment the face was turned towards the Foreigner. The mildness, the culture, the charm were gone; animal ferocity alone remained. It was Kamimoto as he would have been a hundred years ago. His two-handed sword was bare in his hand. He raised it gleaming above his head and dashed down into the amphitheatre. Like a pack of hounds his men streamed down after him. The Foreigner covered his face with his hands. The end was too terrible, and was he not a white man too? He turned and fled back to the trench. Here he collected his rain-coat and water-bottle, and then, with the horrible picture ever before him, went south to collect his thoughts.

The Foreigner was still lost. Fighting had prevented him from rejoining after witnessing the untoward end of the Orloff Regiment. He found food and lodging for the night with some Buddhist monks, and at daybreak on the following morning, now that the enemy had completely evacuated it, climbed to the nearest position. A Japanese fatigue-party was toiling, carrying the corpses of their comrades

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up the slopes. At the top stood Kamimoto. The same old smile, the same pleasant, mild, and friendly Kamimoto. He greeted the Foreigner warmly; but no reference was made between the two to the yesterday. His men were carrying the corpses up the hill and throwing them into the enemy's trench to mingle with the Russian dead.

"Would it not have been simpler to have burned or buried them at the foot of the rise?" the Foreigner asked in all simplicity.

"Of course; but you must remember that at ten o'clock their excellencies the honorable foreign attachés will come round to see the positions which our infantry won with the bayonet. Therefore, most honorable Foreigner, it were better that you went back to your camp. It would not please any of the staff to know that you had already been here. It is very unfortunate that one so humble as myself should have to request your honorable good self to remove!"

There was a merry twinkle in Kamimoto's eye. But he was expecting an officer from the staff immediately. The Foreigner made his way down the hillside deep in thought. The speculation uppermost in his mind was whether Kamimoto would have the first field-dressings taken off those corpses. It would prove a bad case for Bushido if this were forgotten.

O.

THE ADVOCATUS DIABOLI ON THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.*

The late Bishop Creighton, in his Romanes Lecture, recalled a story of bygone days in which a guest in an Oxford common room is represented as

somewhat scandalized at the censorious character of the conversation prevailing there. His host, perceiving this, turned to him with the explanation: "You see,

*1 "Tutte le opere di Dante Alighieri, nuovamente rivedute nel testo del Dr. E. Moore." Second edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1897.

2 "An English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia." By the Rev. H. F. Toser, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.

3 "Studies in Dante." Second series. By the Rev. Edward Moore, D.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1899.

4 "The Life of Dante Alighieri." By Paget Toynbee. London: Methuen, 1900. And other works.

sir, we in Oxford are all so thoroughly acquainted with one another's virtues that the only method of importing any novelty into our conversation is by discussing our neighbors' faults." On some such principle the subject of the present article might be justified. The beauties of Dante are now well known and appreciated. The labors of countless scholars in England, on the Continent, and in America, have made it for ever impossible to repeat Voltaire's sneer as to the impregnability of a fame which rests on total ignorance.

It is, however, well to remember that there is another side to the question. Indiscriminate eulogy of any historical or literary character, however great, is not really serviceable to the person indiscreetly eulogized; and it reacts disastrously on the panegyrist himself, warping alike the critical and the moral judgment. Ben Jonson's words about Shakespeare may well be recalled here.

I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand; which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor; for I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.¹

Still more in point are Boccaccio's excellent words with regard to Dante himself.

Assuredly I blush to be obliged to blot the fame of so great a man with any defect; but the manner in which I ordered my matter at the outset in some sort demands it. For, if I were

to be silent regarding things not to his credit, I should shake the faith of my readers in the things already related which are to his credit. Therefore to himself I make my excuse, who maybe from some lofty region of heaven looks down with scornful eye upon me as I write.²

The faults which strike us, as we read the Divina Commedia, fall into two main classes. There are faults of character and temper which Dante, consciously or unconsciously, reveals to us; and there are faults of art. The two are often closely connected; for the more serious faults in art spring, as we shall show, from defects in character and temper; and it is not always possible to draw the line between them.

These two classes correspond roughly with two out of the three phrases of Goethe's famous criticism on Dante, that "the Inferno was abominable, the Purgatorio dubious, and the Paradiso tiresome"—a judgment often cited as if it were the *ne plus ultra* of critical fatuity.³ It is, no doubt, acutely unsympathetic; but, considering Goethe's eminence as a poet and a man of letters, we can hardly brush aside his deliberately expressed opinion in this unceremonious way. And in the remarks of unsympathetic critics, as in the remarks of candid friends, there is often a considerable amount of truth.⁴

We do not quite grasp what Goethe meant by calling the Purgatorio "dubious"; nor does the question much concern us here, for, of the three divisions of Dante's work, the Purgatorio is the one which is the least disfigured by the author's characteristic faults. But for the other two parts of Goethe's criticism, if duly limited, there is something to be said. There are passages in

qualified in form. It was struck out in the heat of a rather acrid discussion with a supercilious young Italian, who had annoyed Goethe by asserting that no foreigner could understand the Commedia. It occurs in the "Zweiter Aufenthalt in Rom," under date May 17, 1787.

¹ Ben Jonson, "Discoveries," No. 71.

² Cited by Toynbee, "Life," p. 156.

³ E.g. by Dr. Moore, "Studies," second series, p. 3.

⁴ It should also be borne in mind that the statement is intentionally aggressive and un-

the Inferno for which "abominable" seems to us exactly the right epithet; there are passages in the Paradiso and, to a less extent, in the Purgatorio and Inferno which we confess to finding profoundly "tiresome."

We will begin with the latter point; and we say deliberately that there are large tracts of the Divina Commedia which are not poetry at all, but simply sections of scholastic philosophy, or mediæval science, or history, forced, with immense skill, no doubt, but still forced, to wear the fetters of the *terza rima*. Such are, for instance, the classification of sins in Inferno, xi, and Purgatorio, xvii; the discussions of the relation of stellar influences on the one hand, and of desire and pleasure on the other, to free-will, in Purgatorio, xvi and xviii,⁶ of the nature of compulsion and the problems of heredity in Paradiso, iv and viii; while the speculation as to how disembodied spirits can grow lean, in Purgatorio, xxv, may rank with Milton's speculations on the digestive processes of angels. Then, in the theological sphere, we have the discussions on redemption, faith, and angels, in Paradiso, viii, xxiv, and xxix. In history, the sketch of the progress of Rome in Paradiso, vi, and the argument about Solomon's wisdom in Paradiso, xlii, both seem to us extremely unpoetical. But the worst instances occur in the scientific passages: the explanation of the origin of winds in Purgatorio, xxviii, the astronomical data of Purgatorio, iv, and the appalling discussion in Paradiso, ii, on the cause of the spots in the moon. We ask any unprejudiced reader to peruse lines 97-105 of this canto, and then say whether they do not rather

resemble an example in Ganot's "Physics" than anything which can be called poetry.

We note also in these discussions the occurrence of harsh technical terms, such as "corollario" and "quidditate," which can never by any possibility be made poetical. But at least Dante's lore was taken from Latin sources, like the "Summa" of St. Thomas, the language of which had some affinity with the speech "Del bel paese là dove il sì suona." Dante himself would have been puzzled to get into his verse some of the technical jargon of modern philosophy. But, apart from these longer discussions, there are numerous little touches scattered up and down the Commedia, which show how poetry shrivels up and dies at the approach of this school-learning, when some prosaic tag of scientific knowledge is dragged in, such as the defect in the Julian Calendar, the properties of triangles, the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection of a ray of light.⁷

Dante himself has told us⁸ that the object of the inspiration given to Solomon was not that he might deal with subjects such as these. It is a pity that he did not recognize that poetic inspiration has nothing to do with them either. The discussion of these subjects in the prose of the "Convito" is not only infinitely more appropriate, but has also far more literary beauty than the parallel passages of the Commedia. Even the rough-hewn scholastic Latin of the "De Monarchia" produces a more harmonious impression, when dealing with such themes, than the great poem does.

It may perhaps be said that some of the passages to which we have re-

⁶ Cf. also the curious passage, Par. iv, 1-3, which, besides being untrue to nature, seems rank determinism; the speculation on the return of souls to the stars, ib. 19 ff., 40 ff.; and the passage about vows, Par. v, 19 ff.

⁷ Par. xxvii, 143; xvii, 14, 15; Purg. xv, 10-

21. For other instances, see Inf. ii, 88-90; xii, 81; Par. viii, 70; xiv, 102.

⁸ Par. xlii, 97-102; cf. xxiv, 133, 134; and the third canzone of the "Convito," which is in Dante's worst scholastic manner. Dante himself confesses (l. 14) that it is "aspra e sottile."

ferred, such as those on the classification of vices, are necessary to the understanding of the poem and its plan. Even if that be so, it does not follow that they should form part of the poem itself, any more than that Dante should incorporate in the *Commedia* a statement of the scheme of allegory on which it is based, such as he has given us in the letter to Can Grande. Another letter to him, or to some other of his patrons, would have answered the purpose; or he might have given us a commentary, as he has done in the "Convito."⁸

We are very far from meaning that theology, philosophy, history, and science can never be fit subjects of poetry. Dante himself, and other poets too, have proved the contrary. But it must not be this crude learning of the schools, which is ever "ready to vanish away" in the light of fuller knowledge, but thought fused and made immortal by being heated white-hot in the furnace of emotion fanned by the wings of imagination. In a great part of the concluding cantos of the *Paradiso* Dante has given us this. Take in illustration such lines as these:—

Lume ò lassù, che visibile face
Lo Creatore a quella creatura,
Che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace;⁹

or this—

S' aperse in nuovi Amor l' eterno
Amore!¹⁰

or lastly—

Onde si movono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' essere.¹¹

⁸ "We can imagine its strange author commenting on it, and finding or marking out its prosaic substratum, with the cold-blooded precision and scholastic distinctions of the 'Convito.'" (Church, "Essay on Dante," p. 102, ed. 1878, a work which, in spite of all that has been written since, still remains the best introduction to the study of the *Commedia*.)

⁹ "There is a light above, which visible
Makes the Creator unto every creature,

Let us set beside these such passages as Shakespeare's—

Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were
forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best
have took
Found out the remedy;

or Shelley's—

Life, like a dome of many-colored
glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity;

or Tennyson's—

Rome,

The slowly-fading mistress of the
world.

We feel at once that no progress in theology, philosophy, or history, can ever dim these sayings, or make them out of date.

Mr. Pater, in one of his delicate and discriminating "Appreciations," has noted an analogous phenomenon in Wordsworth's poetry—

The "perplexed mixture of work touched with intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all; . . . the intrusion from time to time of something tedious and prosaic;"

as opposed to those passages where

the word and the idea, each in the imaginative flame, become inseparably one with the other by that fusion of matter and form which is the characteristic of the highest poetical expression.

The truth is that there were in Dante,

Who only in beholding Him has peace."
Longfellow, *Par.* xxx, 100-102.

¹⁰ "Into new Loves the Eternal Love unfolded."

Longfellow, *ib.* xxix, 18.

¹¹ "Hence they move onward unto ports
diverse

O'er the great sea of being."

Longfellow, *ib.* i, 112, 113. Cf. *ib.* iii, 85-87.

intellectually considered, two distinct personalities—one, the supreme poet, in his own line unsurpassed and unsurpassable; and the other, the man of learning, wonderful indeed for that or any age, but neither unsurpassable nor, even then, unsurpassed, as examples like Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Vincent of Beauvais sufficiently show. Unfortunately Dante, though fully conscious of his greatness as a poet, seems to have valued himself even more as a man of learning; and the consequence is that the man of learning is constantly intruding where he has no business.

Another great fault of Dante is likewise the result of this intellectual pride, this love of parading his extraordinary knowledge, we mean his excessive allusiveness, his love of periphrasis, or what is sometimes called *antonomasia*, whereby an object, instead of being directly named, is described by some attribute or fact connected with it. This is, of course, within proper limits, a perfectly legitimate mode of poetical adornment. We are none of us "forgetful how the rich proemion" rolls in Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and there are many instances in Dante as noble, as appropriate, and as intelligible as that. But in Dante's poetry, as in Mr. E. A. Freeman's prose, this characteristic develops into a perfect disease. Nothing is simply what it is; it must be described in relation to something else; and the result is that even those who know their Dante fairly well can hardly read fifty consecutive lines anywhere in the *Commedia*, without having to resort to a commentary. These allusions are

taken from all departments of Dante's multifarious knowledge. But the tendency comes out most strongly in the marks of time and place which occur throughout the poem. The former class of passages was elucidated by Dr. Moore in an interesting monograph published in 1887;¹³ while Mr. Tozer, in the excellent commentary which stands at the head of this article, has brought his own wide geographical knowledge to bear on the second class, the most remarkable of which is an extraordinary passage in which the position of Marseilles is indicated by a periphrasis extending over twelve lines.¹⁴

Again, Dante's use of simile and figurative language, exquisite as it usually is, is sometimes overdone, an excess which leads occasionally to a curious mixture of metaphors, as when he speaks of cooling the bow of his ardent desire;¹⁵ while some of his comparisons are strangely infelicitous, as when St. John asks Dante

Con quanti denti quest' amor ti morde?

and it is certainly a little unfortunate that his allegorical scheme of color obliged him to give Beatrice green eyes.

That, apart from all these causes of difficulty, Dante's mode of expression is often exceedingly obscure is proved by the fact which every serious Dante student has experienced, that, after all the labors of all the commentators, extending over more than five hundred years, there still remain passages out of which it is impossible to extract any really satisfactory sense.¹⁶

We have, of course, no right to complain of a poet for being hard to under-

¹³ "The Time-references in the Divina Commedia" (David Nutt).

¹⁴ Par. ix, 82-93. Many readers will sympathise with the question of Rinieri da Calboli (Purg. xiv, 25, 26):

"Perche nascose

* Questi il vocabol di quella rivera?"
("Why did he conceal the name of that river?")

¹⁵ Par. xv, 42-45; the text, however, is not quite certain.

¹⁶ Goethe complains of this "Dunkelheit" in his conversations with Eckermann, i. 120: "Uebrigens sprach Goethe von Dante mit aller Ehrfurcht."

stand, because he has undertaken "Forti cose a pensar mettere in versl." We "in our little barks" must not wonder if we sometimes fail to follow him, "Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone. But Dante, like Browning and, in a less degree, like Æschylus, is often in his mode of expression quite needlessly difficult.

But there are passages in which Dante shows his intellectual pride not merely indirectly, but directly, by the scorn which he pours on the ignorance and stupidity of others.¹⁸ He has little of the intellectual humility of Bede, who, himself the ripest scholar of his time, warns us so movingly that many a learned man may be found in the end among the lost, while many a simple soul which has kept Christ's commandments will shine among apostles and doctors; little of the spirit of that other great teacher, of whom it was so beautifully said that "he was tender to stupidity, as to every form of human weakness."

We pass on now to the remaining part of the criticism which we have borrowed, with the necessary qualifications, from Goethe, that there are parts of the *Inferno*, and (we fear it must be added) parts also of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, which are "abominable." Here, too, the faults may be divided into faults of character and faults of art; and here, too, the latter often arise out of the former.

Let it be understood at the outset that we do not for one moment deny that the terrible, the horrible, and the grotesque, may legitimately be made the subject of artistic treatment. Goethe himself, so often regarded as hopelessly incapable of appreciating Dante, has said of the terrible Ugolino episode,

¹⁸ "Convito," iv, 14, ll. 105-107: "Risponder ei vorrebbe non colle parole ma col coltello a tanta bestialità." ("To such brutishness one should reply, not with words, but with a knife.")

that "it belongs to the very highest products of poetry."¹⁷ But unless we are disciples of Zola and the newer realism, the line must be drawn at the simply disgusting; and some of the punishments of the *Inferno*—the loathsome worms which devour the mingled blood and tears dropping from the *Vigliacchi*, the mangled sowers of discord with their bowels hanging out, the alchemists scratching off the scabs from their diseased bodies with their nails—are simply disgusting and nothing else. Nor is it any answer to say that these punishments are symbolical of the sins so punished; for, as Plato saw long ago, an immoral myth does not cease to make an immoral impression because it is allegorically interpreted.

The same, and worse, must, we fear, be said of the coarse horse-play of the demons in *Inferno*, xxi and xxii. Surely the "eternal loss" even of *barattieri* was too sad a thing to be made the subject of buffoonery such as this. We know, of course, what has been said about Dante's lightening the strain of the terrors of the *Inferno*, as Shakespeare lightens the strain of his tragedies by his clowns and rustics. But there were other ways of doing this, as Dante has shown by the lovely similes of the peasant looking out upon the country on a frosty morning, or watching the fireflies flitting in the valley below him.¹⁹ And if there were no other means of doing this, it were better left undone.

But the case is infinitely worse, it seems to us, if, as the elder Rossetti suggested, and Dr. Moore thinks probable,²⁰ the names of the demons are caricatures of the names of the *gonfalonieri* and priors then in office in Florence, who were among Dante's bitterest political enemies. For what does this

¹⁷ "Aufsatze zur Literatur," No. 140a.

¹⁸ *Inf.* xxiv, 1 ff.; xxvi, 25 ff.

¹⁹ "Studies," 232 ff.

mean, if it be true? It means that Dante, building a poem, which, as he was fully conscious, was to last for all time, and was, like another great poem, "To justify the ways of God to men," enshrines in it his personal, even if just, resentment against these obscure and short-lived officials.

Dr. Moore, indeed, tells us that Dante never "took advantage of his subject to gibbet his personal enemies or opponents."²⁰ The judgment should receive all the weight due "To that long study and the mighty love" which he has lavished so ungrudgingly on his favorite author. But we must confess that we cannot share his opinion. What are we to say of the savage outbursts in *Paradiso*, xvi, against Baldo d' Aguglione, who took an active part in Dante's banishment, and against the Adimari, who seized his property and opposed his return? What of the fact that Filippo Argenti, in whose torments Dante, in *Inferno*, viii, takes such fiendish delight, was a member of the same family? The whole idea of detailing in the courts of heaven these old Florentine scandals, the doctored ledger and the fraudulent bushel, was a singularly unhappy one.

But, even if we grant that personal enmity was not the motive in these cases, there are whole tracts of the poem which simply reek with the feuds and factions and mutual hatreds of the Italian cities. What are we to say of Dante's complaint that his cousin's death had never been avenged?²¹—a passage which, according to Mr. Toynbee,²² may have been responsible for the subsequent murders which occurred in the prosecution of that feud. What of the fierce denunciations of other

Italian cities, the passionate wish expressed, not merely for the punishment, but for the utter extirpation of *Pistoia*, *Pisa*, and *Genoa*?²³ While of the *Val d' Arno* he would destroy the very name.²⁴ The whole tirade in *Purgatorio*, xiv, against the inhabitants of the *Val d' Arno* and the *Romagna*, seems singularly inappropriate in the mouth of one who was purging the sin of envy.

In regard to Florence itself there are, of course, many passages of bitter denunciation, but there are also other passages which testify very touchingly to Dante's love. Had we only the *Commedia* we might be disposed to hold the balance even. But we fear the scale must be turned against Dante by the unpardonable passage in the letter to Henry VII, in which he urges him to come and crush "the viper." "Tunc hereditas nostra, quam sine intermissione defilemus ablata, nobis erit in integrum restituta."²⁵ Dante seems to have shared the delusion, so common among exiles, that the first duty which they owe to their country is their own return. It is all too sadly of a piece with what Boccaccio tells us.

He was more given to faction after his exile than was becoming to a man of his parts, and more than he would have had it believed of him by others. And what I most blush for on account of his memory is that in *Romagna* it is perfectly notorious to every one that any feeble woman or little child who had spoken on party matters, and found fault with the Ghibelline party to which he belonged, would have stirred him to such a pitch of madness that he would have thrown stones at them if they had not held their peace; and this passion he retained to the day of his death.²⁶

²⁰ "Studies," 219.

²¹ *Inf.* xix, 31-38.

²² "Life," p. 66.

²³ *Pistoia*, *Inf.* xxv, 10, 11; xxiv, 126; *Pisa* *ib.* xxxiii, 79-84; cf. *Purg.* xiv, 52-54; *Genoa*, *Inf.* xxxiii, 151-153. Many other instances, not quite so strong, in regard to other cities might be quoted. As to the "vanità," which Dante

ascribes to the *Senese* (*Inf.* xix, 121, 122; *Purg.* xiii, 151), *Commines* is at one with him: "La ville est de tous temps en partialité ["stasis"], et se gouverne plus follement que ville d'Italie," viii, 2 (ed. Dupont, II, 436).

²⁴ *Purg.* xiv, 30.

²⁵ *Epist.* vii, sections 7, 8.

²⁶ Cited by Toynbee, "Life," pp. 155, 156.

Nor can we, with Dr. Moore, regard it as providing any high degree of impartiality that Dante can abuse his own party as well as his opponents.²⁷ Our least eminent politicians can do as much.

As regards Dante's feelings towards foreign nations, he has one contemptuous reference to the "guzzling Germans."²⁸ But his attitude towards France calls for more extended notice. Dante clearly did not love the French, though he praises them ironically for being not quite so foolish as the Sieneese.²⁹ And it may be doubted whether patriotic Italians have at any time had much cause to love France. Browning's address to Italy—

O woman-country, wooed, not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's male
lands,
Laid to their hearts instead!

may be, and is, very pretty poetry. The naked historical fact is that, on the part of France, Spain, and the Empire, the wooing has generally taken the form of the most brutal ravishing.³⁰

Dante had special reasons for disliking Philip the Fair. Apart from individual acts, such as the seizing of Boniface VIII at Anagni, the great political positivist of the Middle Ages was necessarily antipathetic to an idealist like Dante. But this not unjustifiable dislike has led Dante to commit what is perhaps the greatest injustice of the whole poem, we mean his treatment of St. Louis. Not only do we not meet him, as we should expect, among the soldier saints in the heaven of Mars, though such a very dubious saint as Robert Guiscard is found there, but the omission is emphasized in two extraordinary passa-

ges, of which, owing to their allusive character, the sting is perhaps not always recognized. One is where Hugh Capet, speaking of his descendants, sums them up contemptuously as "the Phillips and the Louises by whom France has been lately governed."³¹ The other passage is placed in the mouth of Sordello, and, when stripped of periphrasis, it comes to this, that Charles II of Anjou was as inferior to Charles I as the latter and his brother, St. Louis, were to Peter III of Aragon.³² And here we cannot help expressing our profound regret, we had almost said indignation, that Dr. Moore, in discussing this question, should have allowed himself to use the expression, "Dante had no great respect for imbecile saintliness."³³ The man who inspired the passionate devotion, not of any mere monkish chronicler, but of a soldier and administrator like Joinville, the man whose character made him the accepted arbiter of Europe, the statesman, the legislator, the crusader, is as far removed from the imbecile type of saintship as it is possible to conceive. And saintliness, especially in high places, is not so common that we can afford to belittle it when it does occur. It would be better surely to admit frankly that Dante has been misled by national prejudice into the commission of a grave historical injustice.

Dante's insulting treatment of some of the criminals in the lower circles of hell has been compared with the conduct of Aristotle's highminded man who insults his enemies deliberately and of set purpose. Dante was, as we all know, an ardent Aristotelian; but he was, we may not doubt it, a yet more ardent Christian. Christianity was for him not merely

²⁷ Par. vi, 100-102; cf. Moore, "Studies," 294.

²⁸ "Tedeschi lurchi," Inf. xvii, 21.

²⁹ Inf. xxix, 121-123.

³⁰ Cf. Benvenuto da Imola, v, 463: "Nescio quid utile faciant in Italia Gallici vel German-

ici, nisi rapinas publice et privatim"; cited by Gardner, "Dante's Ten Heavens," p. 225.

³¹ Purg. xi, 50, 51.

³² Ib. vii, 127-129.

³³ "Studies," p. 296.

Il vero, in che si cheta ogni intelletto,

it thrilled every fibre of his heart and gave his imagination wings to soar." Christ can be stern enough to individuals, to classes, and to cities. "It had been good for that man if he had never been born"; "Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom in the day of judgment, than for that city." But we cannot conceive Him expressing loathing and contempt for any, even the most degraded, human soul.

But apart from all questions as to the morality or taste of particular passages of the *Commedia*, the feeling which has been strongest in our mind in re-reading the poem is astonishment that any human being should dare to pronounce a final verdict on the men of his own time. In the case of the great characters of history the principle might perhaps be pleaded, "*securus judicat orbis terrarum*," though many, perhaps, even of these judgments will one day be corrected or reversed. But which of us is fit to decide the eternal destiny of our neighbors and contemporaries? Who shall dare, for instance, to limit the possibility of the soul's sudden turn to God in the supreme crisis of its earthly fate? There is an eloquent and touching letter of Fénelon's on this very point, written to console the Duchesse de Chevreuse on the death of her son, the Chevalier d'Albert, who had fallen in action, after a life which had only too much resembled that of the ordinary young French noble of the day.

"Such an extremity as this" (writes Fénelon) "routs all life's illusions, lifts a veil, reveals eternity, and recalls the

realities that have become shrouded. However little God may seem to be working in that moment, the first instinct of a heart that has ever been accustomed to Him is to throw itself on His mercy. Neither time nor exhortations are needed for Him to be felt and heard. To Magdalene He said but the one word 'Mary,' and she replied to Him but that other word 'Master'; and no more was needed. He called His child by her name, and she was already returned to Him. That ineffable appeal is all-powerful; a new heart and a new soul are born in the inmost being. Weak men, who can only see the surface, desire preparation, definite ritual, spoken resolves. God needs only a moment wherein He can do all, and see that it is done."

We all know what beautiful and pathetic use Dante has made of this possibility in the cases of Manfred and Buonconte da Montefeltro, two of the loveliest episodes in the whole of the *Commedia*;* and we know that the touch of a crucifix on the dying lips of Charles of Anjou sufficed to redeem him, in Dante's view, from the fate which most of us would be inclined to say that he richly deserved, and to place him in the flowery valley of the princes in Ante-purgatory. And who was Dante that he should exclude this possibility in other cases also? Dante himself has told us that

la bontà infinita ha sì gran braccia,
Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei.**

Dante himself has told us that he has known the most unpromising stocks to blossom at the last; and he rightly uses this as an argument against hasty judgment." We can only say that again and again Dante has sinned against his own light. One especially bad case is this. Among the traitors

* Cf. Par. xxiv, 96 ff., 145-147.

** Purg. iii, 106 ff.; v, 85 ff.

** Purg. iii, 122, 123.

** Infinite goodness has an embrace so wide,

That it receives all that turns back to it."

** Par. xiii, 130-142; cf. xix, 70-81; xx, 133-135.

in Antenora Dante places Tesauro di Beccheria, beheaded at Florence in 1258 on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the exiled Ghibellines.²² Villani says that many people believed him to be innocent.²³ We do not mean to say that these were necessarily right and Dante necessarily wrong as to the facts. But Villani's statement does prove that the matter was at least doubtful; and absolute certainty could alone, we will not say justify, but excuse, such a passage. In after years Boccaccio pleaded for Dante with the Florentines on the ground that "all hatred and anger and enmity cease at the death of whoso dies."²⁴ But did Dante ever act on such a principle himself? And even if we grant (though in reality we will by no means grant) that no mercy need be shown to the dead, was there no consideration to be shown for the feelings of the living—"gli altri che fur cari?"

In the seventeenth canto of the *Paradiso* Dante tries to anticipate these criticisms. His pleas are mainly two. The first is contained in the well-known vulgarism, "Let those scratch who itch"; the other in the simile that, like the wind, he only smites the highest peaks. Of the former, we can only say that to us it seems an aggravation, rather than a justification, of the original offence; and of the latter, that it is not true. Dr. Moore has pointed out²⁵ that, in the first seven cantos of the *Inferno*, with the exception of the "people of much worth" in limbo, almost all the persons mentioned are men of no account. And in other parts of the *Inferno* also characters are found on whom the most patient research has failed to throw any light.²⁶

Even of those about whom something is known, many seem to be quite fourth-rate people.

We remember reading in the days of our childhood a story of Lionardo da Vinci. We do not know whether it was based on any legend or tradition, or whether it was merely the creation of a graceful fancy. The story, as we remember it, was something like this. When Lionardo was painting his great fresco of the Last Supper he reserved the figure of the Saviour for the supreme effort at the last. He painted first the eleven faithful apostles. But when he came to the traitor, the tempter suggested to him to avenge himself on a personal foe by representing him in the character of Judas, which he did with perfect success. But after yielding to the passions of hatred and revenge, he strove in vain to paint "a semblance such as His,"²⁷ and he threw down his brushes in despair. The day came when the fresco was to be unveiled, and Lionardo stood with downcast eyes awaiting the inevitable shame and exposure. But instead of the shouts of derision which he had expected, an awe-struck silence fell on the assembly, and Lionardo lifted his eyes to seek the cause. And he saw in the centre of his picture a figure in form and hue more beautiful than even he could have conceived, for an angel from heaven had descended in the night and completed the unfinished work. But the hues of heaven could not last in the atmosphere of this low earth; and that is why the central figure of the world's masterpiece was the first to fade.

We might almost dream that something of the same kind had occurred

²² *Inf.* xxxii, 110, 120.

²³ Villani, vi, 65, cited by Mr. Tozer in his note on the passage.

²⁴ Cited by Toynbee, "Life," p. 134.

²⁵ "Studies," 170.

²⁶ Borsiere, *Inf.* xvi, 67-72; Buoso, xiv, 140; Cianfa, lb. 43; and Puccio Sciancato, lb. 148.

²⁷ "Si fatta la sembianza," *Par.* xxxi, 107. This occurs in the simile of the pilgrim from Croatia gazing on the Veronica at Rome—perhaps the loveliest simile in the whole of the *Commedia*.

in the composition of the *Divina Commedia*, so great is the distance between its highest and its lowest, between Dante with his cheeks begrimed with the soot of hell, and Dante with his face irradiated with the beatific vision.

It is not for us to measure the distance between any man's best and worst. The "strange story" of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has a serious significance for almost all of us. Nay, in extreme cases, Dante's terrible

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imagination of a continual interchange of the human and serpentine natures is not too violent an allegory. Once, and only once, on this earth moved One

Che nacque e visse senza pecca;

One who could sound the depths and scan the heights to which human nature is capable of sinking and aspiring; One "who needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man."

SOME CHILDREN'S ESSAYS.

Composition is a comparatively new subject in Elementary Schools. In old days it was taught on a very mechanical system, and in many cases the following routine is still held sacred.

A subject is chosen by the teachers, and the children are then invited to make sentences bearing upon it; thus if the subject is "The Dog," the child suggests "I have a dog," "My dog is black," &c. The most elaborate phrases are picked out and placed on the blackboard till a sufficient amount of material has been collected and arranged, the choice, collection, and arrangement being all done by the teachers, after which the children copy the essays wholesale into their copy-books.

In the 5th Standard a little variety is allowed. Here a story is read aloud and reproduced from memory; both these exercises in composition have their merits, but I am anxious to prove by definite examples that the best system of all consists in "freedom."

In the schools I have chosen the children are encouraged to write down unaided, in their own language,

(a) What they think on a certain subject;

(b) What they did on a certain day;

(c) Or to describe a given place.

I mention these headings specifically because experience proves that it is by no means easy to choose suitable themes, and one is practically limited to something that comes under one or other of these groups.

It is to my mind obviously unreasonable to expect much enthusiasm outside the personal experience of the children. For instance, an Inspector of my acquaintance once asked for essays on (a) the life of Nelson, (b) the Highlands. He drew a blank. No child had any ideas on either subject. They were not within the range of his knowledge or reasonable imagination.

But given a suitable subject the unaided effort is invaluable. It forces the child to rely on itself for the arrangement of the sentences, it gives scope to originality, and if any gross mistakes occur these can be put upon the blackboard and corrected by the children themselves. If this is skilfully done the writer soon realizes that what he wanted to say can be put in a better

form; while last, but not least, it teaches the teacher, by showing him the child's point of view.

For grammar I have no enthusiasm; I doubt very much how far the study of grammar influences the study of composition. The luminous phrase, "A noun is the name of anything," may have value for a scholar, but such abstractions are of little if any interest to the village yokel. Spelling is again comparatively immaterial. I quite recognize the utilitarian value of applying for a situation in a well-spelt note, but I deplore the stupidity of an examiner who measures the intelligence of his pupils by their power to distinguish between the parts of speech, or who prefers good spelling to vivid language.

I will now proceed to give specimens of the actual essays of school children. When possible I mention the school at which the essay was written and the age of the child who wrote it. May I mention that I judged of the success of a topic before I got the results, by merely noting the manner in which it was welcomed.

The "invitation to tea" usually produced a murmur of satisfaction or even a shout of laughter; the children seized their pens and wriggled on their seats with joy at the prospect of letting their imagination run riot. In one or two cases I omitted to say "Let us pretend," and was brought to book by a pathetic request from some child, to know which day next week it might come.

Subject. "Let us pretend I am going to give a tea-party. You wish I was—don't you?"

Now tell me. When shall I give it? In summer or winter— Why?

Tell me when you mean to come. How long you mean to stay. What you want to wear. What you

want to eat. What you want to play at.

Littlestead Green, Dunsden, Reading,
Jan. 29, 1904.

Madam,—As you are giving a tea-party I want to know when I am to come. Another thing I want to know is, where we are going to have tea and what time it will commence. If it is not fine I shant come but if it is fine I shall come.

I remain, Yours Faithfully.

St. Mary's School, Hulme, Manchester,
April 15th 1904.

Dear Madam,—I received your invitation to the party. I should like it to be in summer, in the centre of a wood. I think half-past four would be convenient. If it would please you, I should like to bring my friend Cissie. I should like the party to be on May 12th. After tea I should like to have some nice games such as Blind-man's-buff, and others. It would be nice if there were enough crackers for each girl, so that we could all be dressed in them. After enjoying a long evening I should like to go home at half-past ten. Hoping you agree with what I say,

I remain,

Oxford Central Girls' Sch:
July 10th, 1903.

Dear Madam,—Thank you for your invitation, and I should like to come this summer, on the date of July the twenty third. I should like the party to be held in the open air. I am willing to have strawberry flavored jelly after every thing else. If it is a tea party, the first thing I should like, is a cup of tea, and a piece of bread and butter. Next, I should like a little strawberries and cream and last of all strawberry flavored jelly. I will come about half-past three, and will leave at eight o'clock. My dress will

be a white silk, with a low neck, and short sleeves, as I think it will be very cool dress. My hat is very large, and it is made of white silk also, and my sunshade is a very light green. That is all I have to say at present, again thanking you for your invatation,

I remain, Yours Truly,
Alice Rogers.

Wednesday, 23 December, 1903,
Composition, A Tea party.

I do want It in front of your house Mis, and I want it in summer. And I am going to bring six boys and my self. The names are Danial Bayllas Edwin Quinney Fredrick Pratt and others. We should some bread and butter cake and jam. We should like some games, which I shall tell you. The games are football and nuts and may on your lawn and other games we should like to have a supper at the end. We are going to play a match on June the 20th in Mises Lambert field at Great Bourton. We are going to play with the Claydon boys will you and see us play I hope we will win.

Curbridge, Bampton, Oxon,
June 18th, 1903. Age 11.

Dear Madam,—I received your invatation quite safely. I should like very much to have the tea in the Summer when I have got my Summer holidays. I think I should like to start a three o'clock and get there about halfpast three. I shall bring my sister Mary with me. I shall stop till about halfpast nine and then I shall start home. I should like some spung cake, and some bread and butter, and some lunch biscuits. And the games I should like to play is hideing the thimble, and dancing like we have at our treat in this school. I shall be dressed in white and blacks. A white dress, and white hat, and white gloves, and black stockings, and black dancing shoes. I shall bring you a small bunch of

flowers. Will you come and meet us; we shall come down back lane.

I am, Yours respectfully,
Lizzie Kite.

Curbridge, Bampton, Oxon,
June 18, 1903. Age 8.

Dear Madam,—I shall like to come to your teaparty in the summer, and I will ask mother if I can have my new things on. And I am very pleased that you have invited me, I shall be there at four o'clock, and will come home at nine o'clock. Mother was bad, but she is much better now, I was sorry when I had got your letter, because I did not think mother would be any better. I hope it will not be raining dear friend for I know mother would not let me come if it does. I will tell you has I like teaparties, my dear, and will be sure to come if it doesnt rain. I will earn more money and buy myself a new hat be cause I want one bad.

I am, Yours respectfully,
Daisy Fenemore, aged 8 years.

January 15th, 1904,
Fifield, Nr. Chipping Norton. Oxford.

Dear Madame,—I am writing to tell you what we should like at your tea party. We all wishes there will be plenty of cake and bread and butter. I think we all like cake very well. I should like to have my new green dress on but I am afraid I should get tea upset on it and then I should spoil it. I hope it will be a nice sunny day as I dont like wet days and I dont think we should enjoy it so much because we want to have some nice games. We want some sweets and oranges. I think I have told you all.

I remain, Your Sincere Friend,
May Maria Field.

Subject. "What did you do last Saturday?"

[One cannot but note the dif-

ference between a boy and a girl's half-holiday.]

Sarah Jones,
Drayton S. Leonards School,
Age 11 years.

Last Saturday.

Last Saturday I took the baby out for a walk. It was not very fine. I did a lot of work. I cleaned the knives and forks, then I made the bed and peeled the potatoes. I done all my work while the baby was asleep. Last Saturday morning I got up early and lit the fire, then after I had my breakfast I put it away, then I swept up the house.

Willie Wilkinson,
Drayton S. Leonard School,
Age 13.

Last Saturday.

Last Saturday I went to Stadhampton and when I came back I went fishing and it was very wet and I got wet. And when I came home from fishing I went at crickets and I had a good game and I enjoyed it very much and I kept on a long time and it came on raining and we had to stop and I went and stood under some trees and it soon stop. And when I went home I had to go to Newington and it was dark before I got back.

My Holiday. Eva Abbott.
(St. V. Aged 13.)

My holiday was on Good Friday March 28th. I enjoyed myself immensely. It was a beautiful sunny day, and I got up at seven-o'clock in the morning. Then we had break-fast, which consisted of fried eggs and bacon, also some hot cross buns. After break-fast, I went to Church and our clergman preached a very nice sermon. Church being over, I went for a short walk before lunch. I then went home and got my sisters ready for a walk in the woods. When lunch

was over we started. It was a lovely walk, we reached the wood in high spirits. Their were not many prim-roses out, as Easter fell very early this year. We filled our baskets, however, with the beautiful flowers. Then we returned home feeling rather tired, but we fully enjoyed ourselves. We done good justice to the nice tea awaiting us, for the clear air had sharpened our appetites. After tea, I played with my little sisters and brothers nice quiet games. I then put them to bed, and passed the rest of the evening in reading and writing. We had none of our elder brothers and sisters at Home this Easter, which was a great disappointment.

Subject. "Tell me what you saw on your way to school to-day."

25 Cornbrook Rd., Stretford,
Manchester, April 19th '04.

Dear Miss Bathurst,—The way, which I came this morning to school was not very pleasant. I came this particular way because of it being the soonest. There was only one shop which I passed and there was nothing about it of which to boast. I cannot say I walked at lelsure because I was a few minutes late and had to hurry. On my way I passed various mills but I did not take much notice of them as my thoughts were wholly centred in a concert in which I am to partake to-night. One thing I noticed was all the girls rushing into the mills at the last minute. I passed many houses but all the occupiers had gone to work and all was quiet.

There is little else to describe only that I came with a school friend.

Hoping I may have a better description next time one is needed.

I remain, Yours Truly,
Marie.

Dear Miss Bathurst,—When I was

coming to school this morning I saw a poor old woman walkin about the road picking up pieces of coal and little pieces of wood.

Then I saw a little boy pointing in a toffee shop window to his companion saying, "I would like some of that toffee."

I then saw a public house with men going in to have a drink, and mill girls going to work.

Then I came to a printe shop where I saw the printing machine going.

All the people seam to enjoy the weather very much this morning.

I also seen men driving horses and carts and some men were whipping them because they were only trotting.

Then I saw little boy's and girls going to school and they looked very pleasant.

I think this is all I have to say a presans.

I remain, Yours truly,
Elsie.

19-4-04.

Dear Miss Bathurst,—On my way to School this morning I came through many streets.

The sun was shinning brightly and I fare enjoyed my walk.

What took my eye mostly was the trees in the Church yard.

I saw many shops, and men hurrying off to work.

Boy's and girls were going to the same place as myself.

I did not take my time coming as it was five to nine.

The streets were very pleasante & dry.

The trams were and carts were very noisy.

I have no more to say at presant.

I remain, Yours truly,
Florence Whittle.

Subject. "How to mind a baby."

A summary of a lesson given by the teacher.

How to nurse a baby.

Babies are very troublesome and want always to be nursed you have to be very careful of one thing about a baby on the top of its head that is its skull for if you were to press that dinge it would die in a quarter of an hours time. They want well wrapping up when they are taken out. All babies want washing both morning and night to keep it in health. A new born baby must be kept from seeing the light or if they do they might lose their sight. Babies want rather a lot of care.

L. Morris.

Apr. 15th, 04.

All about a baby.

Babies are very great deal of truble, they nearly always want sometimes someone. Babies are very weak and ought always to be lying down when they are young if babies are not treated with great care if not they will most likely be taken ill and perhaps die. They should not walk before they are old enough.

E. Wynn.

April 15th, 04.

Babies are very troublesome and want a great deal of nurseing. We must hold them upright for they have no bones to support their backs only grisle. They want a bath every morning and are very cross when teething, you must not let them walk before they are old enough or they will get bolleged.

Subject. "Pretend I am a fairy. I have lifted my wand to make you all rich men and women.

"What are you going to do with your time and your money?"

22 April 1904.

Plymouth Grove Sch., Longsight,
Manchester, 22, 4 04.

Dear Miss Bathurst,—I am going to

tell you what I would do if I were really rich. Well I would get my children very well educated. The next thing I would do is to give part of my money to the poor, and try to clothe them. I would not keep a servant as I think it is very idle for the people who do so, but although I did not keep one I would try to keep my house as clean as I could. Next to that I would get some proper food, the kind I think they could easily digest. I would be teetotal because that is how many people have become poor.

I am, Yours Sincerely,
Ivy Williamson.

Plymouth Grove, Municipal School,
Manchester, 22.4.04.

Dear Madam,—I was selling papers and matches and blacking boots until I had money enough to retire we live in a very small unhealthy house, I first made it my business to remove into a larger and healthier house. I then paid my mothers bills, and on going home I saw a pair of horses and a carriage for sale these I bought and me and mother rode either in the carriage or on the horses backs. We ^{saw} _(seen) our poor friend who had helped us when we were poor, so we helped them. Me and my mother (life) lived very happy lives ever after.

I remain, Yours respectfully,
Stanley Cookson.

Plymouth Grove, Municipal School,
Manchester, 22.0.04.

Dear Madam,—If I had a lot of money, I should spend it in a decent way. I should not spend it in toffee all the time, I should buy a few games to play with, such as the football, and a cricket bat. I would go to nice seaside places, such as Blackpool, Southport and St. Annes, I would go to the football matches. I would buy a nice jewellery shop. I would buy

some good pigeons, and I would buy a nice pony and trap. If I had all those things, and went to all those places, nobody could enjoy themselves much better than me.

I remain, Yours Respectively,
Arthur Belshaw.

22 April 1904.

Plymouth Grove Sch., Longsight,
Manchester, 22.4.04.

Dear Miss Bathurst,—I have often thought, if I were rich I would not be selfish. I would give to the poor, if I thought they needed it. I would live in a little house, but keep it nice and clean. I would not waste it like some people do, I would buy sensible things. I would not be proud neither, I would just be nice and plain. Some people would think it low to speak to some poor people.

I am, Yours sincerely,
Sophia Stearne.

Webster St., Greenheys, April 29, 04th.

Dear "Madam,"—If I came into a fortune these are the uses I should put it to.

First I should put some in the bank for I may have need for it someday. Second, I would insurrae my father and two brothers. Third, I would have a nice grave stone over my mother's grave at Weaste, and one over my Stepmother's at Southern, and after that I would buy a shop for my father to live in now he is getting old. I should then buy a bycle for myself and when I am 21 I would get married and buy a house of furniture and a fram to live on.

I remain, Your's truly,
H. F. Roberts.

W. Midgley, Webster Street,
Greenheys, Manchester.

Dear Madam,—I am a rich man I live in Victoria Park I go visiting all morning. In the afternoon I sit and smoke,

and at night I go to a dance. With my young lady. Another day starts I visit the poor people, then I provide a soup kitchen. And I have plenty of friends, for where there is money there's a friend.

I send my boys to College to learn to speak correct. My wife is busy in choosing which cloths to put on. I will now enclose my letter.

Your's truly,

William Herbert Midgley.

Dear Madam,—If I had so much money given to me and I could go wherever I like I should like to go to London. I should go by train. When I was there I should like to go and see St. Pauls Cathedral, the fire station, The House of Commons, and see all the things in the Zoological Gardens, and the underground tube, and lots of other things. The people who live in London dress themselves up to the fashion. They eat all kinds of food, first they eat meat, after that sweets and puddings, and after that salery. The police in London are very strick and will have you up for the least little thing you do.

Headington Quarry,

February 24th, 1904.

Dear Miss,—I often think that I should like to be a common English gentleman. With my money I should buy a large park and a large wood, in which to go sporting with my friends. A great deal of my money I should give to the Infirmary, the hospital, and to the poor of the parish. I should keep a great many of pets, horses, and cattle of which I should be very fond. I should like to live in the parish of Cowley. At Christmas time I should give a great feast to the people of the village. When I died I should leave my money to my friend. Hoping you would do the same.

I am, Dear Miss, Yours truly,
Joseph Coppock.

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Headington Quarry,
February 24th, 1904.

Dear Madam,—I often wish that I was a judge. If I was a judge I should try to give proper justice. I should have a fair income of money of my own. When to old to be a judge I should like to buy a residence at Nice, in France, and settle down quietly on my pension. I think a judge has a lot of worry on his mind to be able to give fair justice. When I was pensioned off I should like a rich friend to die and leave me his fortune of money, house and estate.

I am, Yours Obediently,

Harry Cox.

Headington Quarry,
February 24th, 1904.

Dear Miss,—I am writing to you to tell you what I should like to be. I have often wished I could be a rich Lady and live in a palace, and have plenty of money no children and live happy together. As I grow and get older I shall earn and save my money and see what I can be.

I am, Yours Truly,

Ellen Parsons.

Subject.

"What would you do if you were rich?" and could do anything you liked.

St. John Baptist School, Manchester,
March 30, 1904.

If I was rich I would live in a comfortable house and would go to work from morn to night in a drawing office and would be drawing all the day through until it came night and then I would go to bed till morning and then have my breakfast and go to work again and do some more drawing and keep on drawing until it came saturday evening.

Lloyd St. Girls' School, Manchester,
Alice Scott, 13.4.04, Standard V.

Composition.

"Rich."

My dear sister I now write to tell you what I would if I were rich.

I would live in a large house, keep servants and housemaids and everything like that.

My dresses should be of a lovely color and of course very nice.

I would go to a lot of lovely places such as, Blackpool, Isle of Man and Liverpool.

The street in which I should live would be a big wide street and very long.

Some of my money would also go to the poor.

I would also see that my mother had a big house and that she should not need any thing.

Then I would see that my brothers and sisters were all well.

I would take long walks every day, and be dressed like a lady.

My house would have in it, lovely ornaments, a piano, and various other things.

On the floor I would have lovely oil-cloth and carpets.

I would not forget to give my Aunt a
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little money, to help to keep the little ones.

Next I would buy a bicycle for myself.

I would buy baby a carriage.

I am your loving sister,
Alice.

St. Stephen's Girls', C-on-M.
Manchester, March 23rd, 1904,
Standard VII.

Dear Miss Bathurst,—If such a thing did happen, that I should become suddenly rich, I would do many things with it. Of course it is a very different thing to be rich, and many different ideas, might come into my mind. My idea now is to try and do good with my money, by giving it to charities, or giving money to support missionary societies, or helping someone poorer than myself. If I should be blest with money, I would like to live in the country, and have a small farm, or a nice garden to attend to.

Trusting this letter will please you Miss Bathurst I will conclude.

I remain, Yours truly,
Sarah Bradshaw.
K. Bathurst.

HER FLIGHT OF FANCY.

One would scarcely have supposed her possessed of a powerful imaginative faculty, nor had she the aspect of one likely to evince any burning interest in pictorial art. Sooth to say, the withered features and rusty bonnet indicated little but age and poverty, and those only of that sordid, city sort, unmitigated by any hint of picturesqueness.

This merely proves, once more, the futility of basing opinions upon appearances alone. That the above named tendencies existed, radical and inherent

in her nature, is clearly seen in that rash indulgence of them, involving a headlong extravagance which some held was the direct cause of her abrupt demise.

It is somewhat difficult to account for, but perhaps the fact that Mrs. Merks was nearing her eightieth year was due to that unswerving dietetic moderation verging upon absolute abstinence, which circumstances forced upon her, seeing that it is allowed upon all hands, that way longevity lies. It cannot well be attributed to

any cheerful airiness in her dwelling, at any rate—a single underground apartment, where the twilight common to basements and its twin-born sister, Night, held alternate sway.

In midsummer months, certainly, a rare sunbeam did slantingly touch her window-sill, lingering for half an hour and then sliding away, but the sun's crude mintage was twice-alloyed before it reached to her, once by the general murkiness of the City vapors far overhead, and again by the smoke-blackened walls that hemmed her in. The house was a dingy one, situated in a dingy street, albeit in close touch with the magnificence of suburb West End thoroughfares. Occasionally, but only when extreme haste made it necessary, supercilious coachmen deigned to use it as a short cut. Then the perfumed child of Belgravia viewed an unsuspected squalor lurking close to Regent street elegance, with languid surprise. Here Mrs. Merks enjoyed an occupancy free of rent in consideration of her services as representative of a non-resident landlord, and in return for undertaking the keeping of the doorstep and entrance in as clean and tidy a state as the ubiquitous children and ever-drifting dust and litter of the street would allow. Her unimpeachable honesty had secured her this position, and though many degrees from being a sinecure, she was not unmindful of her mercies.

But given even free lodging, the riddle of existence is not quite solved. All unknowingly, Mrs. Merks had followed the advice of the Sage of Chelsea, "lessening her denominator" until usually all costlier items than tea, and bread and butter, were eliminated. But these remained, ultimate, indispensable, the irreducible minimum—supposing, for the moment, that the flame of life in one so unimportant, needed to be kept flickering at all.

As to her income, its amount was

variable and its sources varied. She sometimes acted as deputy, cleaning the upper flights of stairs for which the various lodgers were responsible, being paid at the rate of threepence a week. A young workman, the occupant of a top-floor room, paid her fourpence weekly for waking him each morning at five o'clock, an office for which she was exceptionally well fitted by the light and fitful nature of her own slumbers. Now and then, a day's charring was conferred on her as a favor by some old client, though, for the most part, younger hands had long since beaten her out of that field. Last, but not least, there were certain red-letter days when postal orders for a few shillings reached her from her late husband's relatives, kindly, prosperous people with a small but sound business of a "general" kind in a country town. Then it was that Mrs. Merks would burgeon, the strict regimen in the matter of food would be temporarily relaxed, and the coalman pay his infrequent visit with a modest "half-hundred."

Until a few years previously, her slender resources had been slightly augmented by occasional help she received from a dutiful and only son, but there is not much in the way of surplus from the pay of a married soldier, and when that staggering blow—the laconic, "Killed in action"—fell upon her, her keen and abiding grief was unsullied by any shade of self.

Into the august quarters already referred to, where shops are on an imposing scale and convey an air of opulence calculated to awe and subdue, she seldom intruded. Being somewhat dull of sight as well as of hearing, the wide roadways and the crowded traffic of carriages, cabs and 'buses, were provocative of alarm, and the strong and kind arm of the law in the shape of a considerate constable as pilot at the cross-

ings, not always to be reckoned upon. But at times, circumstances compelled her to face these perils, and one particular morning found her there, returning home from an early errand. A shrewd East wind had swept the sky clear of November fog and cloud for the time being. With the instinct common to all aged creatures, from a late fly to a centenarian, she had chosen the sunny side of the way where the contents of the spacious shop fronts showed brilliantly in the bright morning light.

As she passed one in which engravings were displayed, the subject of a large, framed photogravure caught her attention. It was a reproduction of a powerful and popular war-picture, and represented a small group of British soldiers making an unavailing stand against terrible odds.

They stood there, that devoted band, completely surrounded by an outnumbering enemy—desperate, doomed, but undaunted. Here and there a gap in the stubborn line and a prone or huddled figure. In the foreground, a man, just hit, dropped his still-smoking rifle, and clutched at the air in his agony. Like a winding sheet, overhead and around them swirled and eddied the smoke-wreaths of the battle, pierced by the sudden lightnings of the enemy's fire.

So much she could see already in the strong sunlight that lit it up, but when her glasses were tremblingly adjusted and she read the name of the engagement it depicted—the action in which her son was killed—lost to all around her she stood gazing at it with an interest almost breathless. She was no longer in the sunny street, but there—in the grim scene before her. The roar of the traffic was, for her, the roar of death and doom.

But of all the pictured faces she had only eyes for one—her boy's. Yes, there he lay—her boy, her own boy lay.

She did not ask herself how it could be; she was too sure to ask.

"My poor lamb! My poor lamb!" she murmured. In her fancy she was stumbling wildly towards him in her mother-hunger to pillow that helpless head against her breast. In her haste to reach him, she stretched out her arms, forgetful of everything but that she was nearly at his side. The few packages she was holding—groceries she was fetching for a neighbor—fell, scattered, and her dream was broken.

"What a silly old thing I am, to be sure," she said to herself as she got them together again. "Of course it's only a picture. As if it could be my poor boy and him dead and gone so long and so far away. And keepin' Mrs. Rogers waitin' all this time, and the doorstep and mats not done yet!"

But as she hurried home, and all that day, her vision flickered and wavered before her, and, standing out clear and certain amidst it all, the fact that there was the very likeness of her dead son—that one with the glazing eyes and pallid lips. Like very many—some of them quite educated people—she was utterly ignorant of the manner of a picture's making; but, as a matter of fact, it was far from surprising that the artist had chanced to use a model resembling her son, whose features had been of a common military type. Her own view of such subjects as the battle-piece was that, like photographs, they were somehow "taken." Doubtless, other mothers could have identified their sons as she had done. Securely illogical, nothing disturbed her fancy.

The next day, as soon as her various duties were over, she made her way round to the shop, eager to dwell upon the likeness of her boy again. In the past, she had tried to picture that scene to herself so often, that though the vivid detailed realism made her heart contract, she found a distressful

comfort in this grim aid to her imagination.

In her absorption of the previous day she had not noticed the ticket announcing that its original price, sixteen shillings—ostentatiously scored through—was reduced to twelve and sixpence during a fortnight's sale then proceeding. She only read it now with a quite impersonal interest. Either sum was so far beyond her that the only thought the reduction awoke was one of concern lest the engraving should be quickly sold and disappear.

Yet all unconscious of it as she was at first, a minute seed of the lust for possession had fallen in her heart, and encouraged by the warmth it found there, sent up a shoot. It was under the inspiring exhilaration of her afternoon cup of tea that this idea first vaguely flittered across her mental horizon, quickening her slow pulse with a sense of its wild daring. She had felt from the first, almost as if it had been painted for her eye alone, it could have so little meaning for any of the few passers that idly glanced at it compared with all it had for her. She began to picture to herself the battle-piece hanging there upon the wall, for her to see at any time. She had not even a photograph of him in his soldier's clothes and had so often regretted it; but what would the largest and most expensive of photographs be in comparison with that.

Audacious conception as it was, she began to harbor it and look around hopelessly for some means of attaining the object of her ambitions.

Her chaotic aspirings first took a definite form when, as if providentially timed, one of those rare remittances reached her from the country, and for a slightly larger sum than usual. As has been hinted, ordinarily these gifts set her luxuriously weighing the various merits of liver, "scrag-ends," sheep's head, and other inexpensive

delicacies. The voluble butcher's hearty and boisterous queries, such as "What's your choice to-day, mother?"—usually replied to with a civil but inconsequent remark on the weather—had a splendid relevancy. Mrs. Merks ordered her "half-hundred" of the greengrocer at the corner—coals and cabbages being kindred commodities in these regions—and the idle saucepan was recalled from its chill repose to a warmer sense of its purpose in being, and for something more than the supererogatory scouring.

But now the butcher's succulent array did not as much as occur to her, or, if so, only to be scouted as an unworthy thought, a temptation empty of seductiveness and devoid of real power. Indeed, the perpetual theme of her cogitations was how far she could dare to reduce her present expenditure, for she saw that, in order to make up the necessary sum by the Saturday when the sale would terminate, she would have to be far more sparing even than usual.

"Every little helps" was her favorite axiom, and bearing this well in mind, she began by foregoing the use of her favorite "Far-famed Family Blend" at one and twopence, buying in its stead a vague substitute which even the optimistic grocer modestly forebore to ticket as syrupy, rich, or even famous, merely inviting the rash and incautious to "try" his "Strong Household" with a grim avoidance of all commendatory adjectives—"strong," in this connection, having only an invidious significance. But she felt she could manage quite well without, for the time being. Even in the matter of bread she economized. As for coal, she had always ranked that with the luxuries rather than the necessities of existence.

As the days flew by, she went round to the shop from time to time to assure herself that the picture was still un-

sold. Nothing daunted her but that dreaded possibility, for already the slender shoot had attained a girth of trunk beyond all uprooting.

When the end of the week loomed large, the above economies which the increased severity of the weather accentuated, began to tell upon Mrs. Merks. She found the cleaning of stairs attended by an even unwonted degree of fatigue, and mat-shaking a strangely exhausting exercise inducing a certain dizziness. Her poor looks led Mrs. Larkin to remark that she "must 'ave a care," and that she wasn't "seemin' at all 'erself."

The warning and the exhaustion she passed over, their significance being dimmed if not totally eclipsed by her zestful struggle to gain the end she had set before herself. Mrs. Larkin, a worthy soul who served in the same capacity as herself in the house adjoining, was Mrs. Merks' one intimate and confidante. The silver lining to their clouded existences lay chiefly in the delight of eternally discussing, on alternate doorsteps, such minute events as counted for large in their world of local and limited interests. Yet, even from her, Mrs. Merks had kept her purpose inviolate, counting over the slowly accumulating coins in strictest secrecy, feeling instinctively that her ambition would appear preposterous and presumptuous to another, and, moreover, shrinking ashamed from letting anyone share the knowledge of the sordid expedients she was using to attain her end.

So she kept her secret close and looked onward to that proud moment when she should usher her neighbor in, to view with awed and admiring surprise her brave boy's picture hanging grandly on her humble wall. Once the keen struggle for its possession was over she trusted to find some excuse, not too humiliating, of how she had effected its purchase.

Saturday, the closing day of the sale, came, and either the photogravure remained unsold, or—a possibility which had not occurred to her—a duplicate had taken its place.

The "top-floor back's" weekly payment would complete the sum required. She stood on the doorstep anxiously watching for him, fearful lest she should be too late.

In the street, the early dusk was falling. Shops were lighting up, an extra-brilliant glare illuminating the public-house opposite in honor of its customers' week-end saturnalia. That was in progress, judging by the clamor of mingled curses and laughter within, and the drunken lurchings, intended as a dance, of two or three bedraggled women without, to the strident strains, wafted through the open door, of an automatic piano, the publican's latest attraction. The pavements were animated with people mostly bent on purchasing in readiness for the morrow. It grew darker. The keen air made her shiver and hug herself in her shawl more closely.

At last he turned the corner, and now with the price in full, she started off.

It was still early in the evening when she neared the shop, but her heart began to fail her when she saw that most of those in the main street were already closed. As it was a sale, they would be sure to keep open, she had told herself. But no; when she reached it, all was dark and shuttered. The sale was over.

One or two passers bustling against her, turned, momentarily puzzled to account for the bent figure gazing abstractedly at the huge iron blind. Gradually she rallied from her disappointment. Her only hope now was that they would let her have it at the sale price on Monday. On the way back she blamed herself for not offering payment by instalments, starting

with the postal order on the day of its reaching her.

It was an arrangement well known to the shopkeepers in her immediate neighborhood and the idea had inevitably presented itself to her, but she had felt it would be looked upon as "low" in this case, and had shunned the risk of a refusal. These self-condemnations and the question of whether she could anyhow manage to continue the pursuit or must abandon it in the event of her request being refused, troubled her far into the night.

She tried to account for the increased weakness she felt next morning by telling herself it was "just a touch of cold," and congratulated herself on the day's fewer duties. She boiled the kettle over a fire of waste paper and then, stimulated by the warmth rather than the savor of a cup of the "Strong Household," she washed down and whitened the doorstep and returned to bed, a measure which the biting air as well as a growing tendency to sway as she walked, made advisable.

Indeed, a strangelanguor inclined, and at last induced her to spend the whole day there, measuring the long hours by the Sunday sounds she knew so well, and revolving the question of what Fate had in store for her on the morrow.

An early din of bells commenced the day and was followed by the rival milkmen's vocal performances. About ten o'clock, a detachment of Salvationists arrived in the next street to hold the openair meeting with which they prefaced the indoor service at the "barracks" where she attended, and where her poverty did not attract an embarrassing attention by its incongruity and her lack of well-clad respectability's wedding-garment passed undetected.

Her regret at her inability to go today was softened by the reflection that she should have had to let the box pass

by without dropping into it her customary copper.

The refrain they were singing was an old favorite at the "barracks," and, knowing it well, the recumbent Mrs. Merks added a weak treble—

For the Li-on of Ju-dah,
Shall break ev-ry cha-in,
An' give us the vic-try
Again and a-gain—

As if in emulation of the Salvationists' zeal, the church-bells now awoke once more, becoming increasingly insistent and clamorous as it neared eleven and then lapsing into a simultaneous and sudden silence.

Gradually there crept on that strange sense of stagnation peculiar, as it would seem, to Sunday afternoons—a stillness eloquent hereabout less of repletion than of shirt-sleeves and sleep. The very chairs seemed conscious of it and objects in shadowed corners to brood upon the diminished street sounds with an aspect of stony reflection. The pattern of the wall paper was fraught with vague meanings and the light itself had a doubly pensive and melancholy cast which it conveyed to all it fell upon. How she regretted then, her belatedness of the previous evening! With that coveted picture for her eyes to dwell upon, how contentedly she could have passed the long hours! Instead, she set herself to decide upon the exact spot where, in her slender segment of daylight, it should hang, if—; and so back to the revolving of the old question—whether they would grant her bequest or no.

Slowly the afternoon drifted by without anything to interrupt its leaden dullness. The tedium was not dispelled a second time by the cheery Salvationists. They visited other quarters at their afternoon and evening out-door gatherings. On any other day than Sunday Mrs. Larkin would have missed her friend and probably have stepped

down to learn the meaning of her non-appearance; but upon that worthy woman the matrimonial fetters hung heavily, Mr. Larkin being of a morose and exacting habit and demanding her undivided attention on these occasions.

When the light began to wane and the thin face glimmered more wanly in the deepening shadows, the all-pervading melancholy seemed to find a voice in the mournful cry of a hawker of shellfish working his way along the street with his barrow. A distant muffin-bell still further saddened the gloom. Then the street lamp was lit she knew by a faint yellow radiance that suddenly fell upon the wall from above barred with the shadow of the grating that intercepted it on its way.

Now the church bells began again announcing evening service, and again their clamorous reiterations reached a climax and subsided.

As the evening advanced, the weak languor of the day yielded to something more definite and Mrs. Merks fitfully slept.

She was sufficiently benefited by her day of rest to begin her duties as usual on Monday, though her growing feebleness was so apparent that she hastened to forestall the expressions of her good neighbor's inevitable concern with the "touch of cold" hypothesis, hypocritically assuming an attentive air as of an earnest seeker after remedial information as Mrs. Larkin recommended "something warm," and promising to follow her urgent advice with an inward thought of a crust soaked in "Strong Household."

To-day she had to collect the rents from the various lodgers in readiness for the landlord who called in each Monday on his way home from the city. Thus it was once more dusk before she set out again. She found the window had already been re-arranged, a fresh set of engravings now occupy-

ing it, while the red-lettered notices of the sale had vanished.

In response to the bell that announced her entry, a stylishly dressed personage stepped forward, but, hoping for little in the way of business from one of her appearance, adroitly exchanged his instinctive air of complaisance for one of condescension more suited to the circumstances. On making her request, Mrs. Merks was thankfully surprised to find far less difficulty than she had anticipated in persuading him to accept the sale price for the battle-piece. Indeed, once he realized that she was actually a customer he evinced but little of that obdurate and Fate-like finality which the successive announcements—"Last Week of Sale," "Last Few Days," and "Last Day of Sale" had appeared to suggest.

Gently veiling his satisfaction with the remark that it was against their rules to do so, he took the sum she tendered, and after holding the door wide for her to pass out with her precious burden, sauntered back across the thick pile carpet wondering idly at such an unaccustomed type of purchaser.

With many rests by the way she finally reached home with her prize, escaping the garrulous curiosity of neighbors in the darkness. It was this consideration, mainly, that had made her decline the shopman's offer to send it—a suggestion of which her weakness and the picture's weight might otherwise have tempted her to avail herself.

The placing it in position on her wall she found she must postpone until the morrow as her first impulsive and enthusiastic attempt to do so resulted in a faintness that reminded her she had done well in reaching home with it and without help. So, for the time being she rested it upon a chair and drawing the candle near passed the remainder of the evening wrapped in an

admiring contemplation that was almost worship.

During the night her symptoms took an acuter turn. Her dreams were strangely chaotic. Yet even they yielded to a lucid interval, when, by some strange instinct born of long usage, she was conscious of its nearing five o'clock.

With the guttering fragment of candle she painfully climbed the stairs and knocked pertinaciously until she elicited the tardy, mumbled response. In her slow progress up and down the flights, the intense cold of early morning pierced through and through her attenuated frame. The tiny atom of wick, alternately flaring and dwindling

Good Words.

towards extinction in its tin socket, afforded a strikingly accurate type of Mrs. Merks's condition. Her strength only sufficed to reach her bed again, and then once more her mind lapsed into disordered dreaming, in the vague medley of which, the main feature was her old fancy—that of being on the field of battle, beside her dying son.

Slowly the steely light increased, and, filtering downwards through the area grating, fell upon the photogravure at the bedside, but the peaceful features turned towards it seemed, in their calm and deep content, to smile at such poor empty substitutes as pictures and the foolish dreams they bring.

Powell Chase.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Soon after the great separation of 1886 a Liberal Unionist who stood high in the councils of his Party, and had often encountered Sir William Harcourt in debate, told me that Harcourt was the best friend he ever had, and the kindest-hearted man he ever knew. There are men, like the present Duke of Rutland, who go through politics without ever making an enemy. Sir William Harcourt was certainly not one of those. Both in public and in private he yielded to the impulse of the moment, and fully spoke his mind. The late Lord Salisbury was perhaps equally unrestrained when he was on his legs. But then Lord Salisbury was always courteous in conversation, and Sir William could talk for victory elsewhere than in the House of Commons. The affection with which his friends regarded him was not in the least impaired by his occasional use of strong language. The people he offended were the people who did not know him,

and took him, as the French say, at the foot of the letter. Those who did know him even slightly were assured that he was not only devoid of malice but incapable of deliberately inflicting pain. The fact is that he belonged to an old school, and was almost the last member of it. He used sometimes to say himself that he should have been born in the eighteenth century, the age of reason. However that may be, he was not squeamish in political life, and he did not speak of his opponents as if he were on his oath in a court of justice. Everybody remembers Mr. Pickwick's indignation at hearing Mr. Buzfuz address his counsel, and tell him it was a fine day. Sir William Harcourt could fight with all the resources at his disposal in Parliament, and dine in perfect amity with the men whose iniquities he had been exposing. Casuists must decide how far a simulated indignation, or an exaggerated disapproval, lowers the standard of

Parliamentary morals. Sir William Harcourt was not much concerned about speculative questions of this kind. Upon two or three great principles, such as the religious settlement of the Reformation, and the political settlement of the Revolution; peace abroad, and economy at home; he was as firm as a rock. Otherwise he was satisfied to observe the rules of the game, and in particular never to hit below the belt.

An attempt was once made in the House of Commons to connect the Government of Lord Salisbury with a social scandal, and the escape of a notorious person. Sir William Harcourt absolutely refused to have anything to do with it. It was pitch, he said, and he would not touch it. There was nothing small about him. Mentally and morally, as well as physically, he was built upon a large scale. A good big Party fight he loved as he loved few other things on earth. Small personal issues did not interest or attract him. If he had been told anything to the discredit of a political opponent, he would have put it down to the discredit of the informer. Sir William Harcourt once said of an eminent statesman that he did not understand the British Constitution because he had never been a Protestant or a Whig. He has himself been called the last of the Whigs, and he used himself to say that he and Dean Stanley were the last Erastians. These summary judgments are not to be trusted. The doctrine that the law is above the King, and that the State is above the Church, are bound up with the Establishment, and with the House of Hanover. No doubt Sir William's Protestantism, at least on its secular side, was conspicuous, and no amount of association with Radicals ever quite un-Whigged him. An aristocrat playing the part of a democrat, he could not forget that he was a Harcourt, and

he practised the old-fashioned vice of family pride. But if he had an imperfect sympathy with a generation which cared nothing for grandfathers, and was so far behind his age, at least he despised the sordid, ignoble crew who enter Parliament in search of titles, or to "get into Society," or in the vain hope of becoming "gentlemen." His own title, which he failed to escape, was imposed on him as a condition of becoming Solicitor-General in 1873. If he had been the son of a mushroom Peer, he would have been exempt. But the blood of all the Harcourts and the Vernons was, such are the anomalies of our Constitution, inadequate for the purpose. As for money, few men have made greater pecuniary sacrifices to politics than Harcourt. When he became member for the City of Oxford, in 1868, he enjoyed a leading and lucrative practice at the Parliamentary Bar, which he had suddenly and completely to abandon.

His Protestantism, as is well known, led him to encounter Mr. Gladstone in 1874 on the subject of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Mr. Gladstone thought that Convocation should be consulted before Bills touching the Church were introduced, and that the utmost liberty should be conceded to varieties of ritual. To Sir William Harcourt all this was anathema. The fire kindled, and at last, when Mr. Gladstone quoted a Canonist, he spoke with his tongue. Who was this Canonist? What had the House of Commons to do with him? What power had Convocation? Parliament was the governing body of the Church, and the only authority that could alter her constitution or formularies. He had drawn swords with one who was too strong for him, and, like Kingsley in his attack upon Newman, he received a lesson in the art of dialectics. But in both cases the nation was on the

Protestant side. Most Englishmen thought, quite truly, that Newman was better than his principles, and, quite falsely, that Gladstone had leanings towards the Church of Rome. Sir William Harcourt found a champion in Mr. Disraeli, and their joint efforts to "put down Ritualism" caused some scandal to the Church, as well as much amusement to the profane laity. There was nothing the Whigs liked better than keeping the clergy in their places, and that task Sir William Harcourt was always ready to perform. The son of a clergyman, and the grandson of an Archbishop, his clerical ideal was that sound Whig and true statesman, Sydney Smith. He was himself something of a journalist, and something of a political pamphleteer. He contributed to the *Saturday Review* when it was a distinction to be a *Saturday Reviewer*. Among his colleagues were Robert Cecil and Arthur Stanley, John Richard Green and Edward Augustus Freeman, Fitzjames Stephen and Charles Bowen. But it was his pamphlet on "The Morality of Public Men," published as long ago as 1852, which made him famous. The first Government of Lord Derby had an economic policy not altogether unlike the policy of Mr. Balfour's Government to-day. Some Ministers were for Protection; others were for Free Trade. All professed a laudable desire to be enlightened by the verdict of the country at a General Election. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, writing anonymously as "An Englishman," fell upon them with trenchant vigor, and selected Lord Derby, the least consistent of politicians even in that age of transition, for especial analysis.

This pamphlet, according to Greville, was much admired by Queen Victoria, to whom shiftiness and double dealing were always repugnant. Yet it was many years before Harcourt entered the arena for which he was pre-

eminently qualified. Although he stood for Kirkcaldy in 1859, it was not till after the General Election of 1868 that he took his seat in the House of Commons. Long before that he had been a familiar figure in London society, and known as one of the best talkers of his time. A good talker he always remained, though it was sometimes said that he liked to have the talk to himself. In his old age, at all events, there were not many who wanted to interrupt him. He had seen so much of the world, and expressed himself with such easy, lively humor, that an appreciative listener could not be bored. When he first appeared in London, it may have been different. One can imagine that a young man so exuberant and irrepressible may have seemed to his elders a little wanting in the reverence they thought their due. Such, we know, was the impression made by Pitt upon Gibbon, and yet Pitt was a man of genius, and Gibbon was a man of the world. The literary Member of Parliament who proclaimed that ignorance and imposture were the only methods of getting on did not altogether like being asked by Harcourt why in that case he had not got on himself. This is not the sort of remark that conduces to popularity. Wounded vanity seldom forgives. The dupes of an unsuccessful swindler are more apt to overlook the offence than the butts of a successful wit. It is probable that Harcourt made more enemies by his tongue than Hudson by his speculations.

When Harcourt came into Parliament, at the age of forty, he was pretty well known to the public. The heroes of the Parliamentary Bar are little known outside the Committee Rooms of the two Houses. But the letters of "Historicus" on International Law were familiar to readers of the *Times*, and their authorship was generally known. Harcourt became Professor

of International Law on Dr. Whewell's foundation at his old University of Cambridge, and he made himself also by dint of study a sound constitutional jurist. His mind was naturally so acute and apprehensive that he could master any subject sufficiently for all practical purposes in a very short time. But when he took his seat in the House of Commons, he devoted himself to politics, and they became the business of his life. For the House itself he had a sincere affection, and he took the greatest pride in it to the end. He studied its eloquence and its traditions. He had a strong corporate feeling for its authority. He believed that it ought to be the supreme power in the State, and to stand well with it was his own highest ambition. Although he had announced that he would not stand again, he had refused a Coronation Peerage, and Providence willed that he should die, as he had lived, a Member of the House of Commons. He first knew it when it was led by two great men. His own leader was Mr. Gladstone, who had just become Prime Minister in the prime of his physical and intellectual strength. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, had seen his best days, although his most showy triumphs were yet to come. The colleague of a Cabinet Minister, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Vernon Harcourt sat below the gangway, and practised the independence which has often led to office. He acted with Mr. George Dixon, then Member for Birmingham, as an exponent of the free, compulsory, secular education then demanded by the Birmingham League. His boisterous rhetoric, restrained by a sound literary sense which never deserted him, added a good deal of zest and point to educational debates, not always entertaining in themselves. Matthew Arnold took his German friend Arminius in "Friendship's Garland" to hear Mr. Vernon Harcourt develop a

system of undenominational religion from the Life of Mr. Pickwick. But the unexpected treat did not come off, and it all ended in the Cowper-Temple Clause. Escapades of this kind did not strike Mr. Gladstone as unpardonable, and before the Government of 1868 came to an end his Solicitor-General was Sir William Harcourt. This taste of office was scarcely worth having, and it was not till 1880 that Sir William Harcourt became a Cabinet Minister. By that time he had acquired great reputation on the platform as well as in the House. He always talked good English, but it was English understood of the people. Although he had overcome his fondness for Mr. Disraeli, and opposed his Eastern policy, Sir William Harcourt was not at that time an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Gladstone, and made no secret of his wish that Lord Hartington should be Prime Minister. Things turned out otherwise, and for five years Sir William Harcourt presided at the Home Office without giving a vigilant Opposition any good handle of attack.

One effect the Home Office had upon Sir William Harcourt which brought subsequent disaster both upon the Liberal Party and upon himself. It converted him to Local Option, and he always afterwards supported Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the most unpopular measure ever submitted to Parliament. The Local Veto Bill led to Sir William's own defeat at Derby, in 1895, and had much to do with the Liberal collapse. That his conversion was sincere cannot be doubted, and if the magistrates had taken the good advice he gave them as Home Secretary by reducing the number of public-houses, as was their duty, the amount of drunkenness would have been incalculably diminished. Sir William Harcourt's other conversion excited much more hostile comment. When he

joined Mr. Gladstone's third Cabinet as a Home Ruler, in 1886, he was treated as the worst of renegades by the Liberal Unionists. Nor can it be denied that he had been a strong Coercionist, and had condemned in strenuous language the tactics of Mr. Parnell. He had as much to explain on one side as Mr. Chamberlain had on the other. Yet it is easy enough to frame a logical case for both statesmen. To defend Mr. Chamberlain is not my business, and no one is better able to defend himself. Sir William Harcourt had no special sympathy with Irishmen, and not much belief in a sentimental union of hearts. Nor was he a Gladstonian in the sense of surrendering his own judgment to Mr. Gladstone's. It would probably have been more natural for him to go with Lord Hartington. But the Irish question presented itself to him, and to many others, as a dilemma. There was nothing for it but Coercion or Home Rule. For the Liberals to take up Coercion after the Tories had abandoned it was practically impossible. Therefore Home Rule was the one feasible course. Having made up his mind, Sir William Harcourt stuck to the principle of self-government for Ireland, and never to the day of his death modified it in any degree. There are changes in national policy so grave and deep that only profound conviction can justify them. To take them up, or to drop them, without adequate cause, is incompatible with true statesmanship.

With all his failings, and few men were more human, Sir William Harcourt was essentially a statesman. He was never so far absorbed in one subject that he could not see its bearing upon the interests of the British Empire as a whole. He was not a little Irishman, or a little South African. He looked at the South African problem, and the Irish problem, as parts of one

great question which British statesmanship had to work out. With him it was not "Will Ulster fight?" and "Will Ulster be right?" But, "What is England's duty to Ireland?" "Why is Ireland the one discontented country in the dominions of the British Crown?" It was not, "Have the mine-owners of the Transvaal a grievance against President Kruger?" It was, "What should be the conduct of Great Britain in dealing with small independent States to which British subjects resort for purposes of gain?" Sir William Harcourt's breadth of view, founded on a knowledge of history, was his most distinguishing trait. Minute accuracy he had not, and the want of it might have stood in his way if he had become, like his ancestor, Lord Chancellor. It did not prevent him from introducing and carrying as Chancellor of the Exchequer one of the great Budgets of the 19th century. Everyone who sat in that Parliament will agree that Sir William Harcourt showed a knowledge of his subject, and a capacity for dealing with critics of every degree, seldom equalled in Parliament. His temper and courtesy were unflinching. The Opposition did their utmost to defeat the whole scheme, and the second reading was only carried by a majority of fourteen votes. Yet the Bill establishing a graduated system of duties on succession to estates passed through Committee in a reasonable time without serious change, and without a single application of the Closure. This abstinence from strong measures, even of a perfectly regular and legitimate kind, was deliberate policy on Sir William Harcourt's part. When I expressed to him in the Lobby my surprise at his moderation, and its success, he replied that the Bill was one which the Peers could not touch, and that if it were not fully discussed by the representatives of the people, there might be difficulty in collecting

the taxes it imposed. To stand well with the House was, as I have said, Sir William's first desire. He had been, of course, responsible as a Cabinet Minister for closing by compartments the Home Rule Bill of 1893; a step which, if it were inevitable, was an inevitable misfortune. But as Leader of the House after Mr. Gladstone's retirement, his chief weapons, besides thorough knowledge of his business, were conciliation and tact. When he announced the resignation of the Government in June, 1895, he was cheered not less warmly by his opponents than by his friends. He was on the best of terms with the Conservative Leaders, especially Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

And be it remembered that throughout the anxious session of 1894 Sir William Harcourt was suffering from the greatest disappointment of his life. When a prominent figure has just disappeared from politics, and from the world, it is neither necessary nor agreeable to rake up small defects. They may be left to the historian of the future, who will see them, or such of them as are then visible, in their true proportions and their due perspective. It is enough to say here that in 1894 Sir William Harcourt expected to be Prime Minister, and that his services to the Liberal Party accounted for his expectation. He remained in office under a man young enough to be his son, and it was only the retirement of Lord Rosebery, in 1896, that made him the principal chief of the Opposition. He did not consider that he received the support due to him in the circumstances, and just as matters in South Africa were approaching a crisis he laid down the burden. To his successor, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he always gave a royal and hearty allegiance. How far his conduct on the South African Committee accounted for his resignation need not at this

moment be discussed. He was apparently outmanœuvred and overreached. On the morrow of his death it is more pleasant to dwell upon the sturdy attitude of resistance he maintained to the politics of financial adventure. He nobly earned the foolish nickname of "Little Englander" by jealous and sensitive care for the honor of England. England has never been little, except in size, for great countries are those which produce great men, as England has always done. But it was impossible for a statesman of Sir William Harcourt's character and traditions to feel any sympathy with adventurers who regarded Imperialism as an "asset," and reckoned up minutely the commercial value of the British flag. The heroism of British troops in South Africa could not blind him to the mean and sordid origin of the war. Like Mr. Gladstone, he took the greatness of his country for granted. They both desired that she should set an example of rigid integrity by excluding from her foreign politics the element of finance, and by treating small States with the same forbearance as powerful Empires. It has been well said by a candid critic in the *Spectator* that the root of Sir William Harcourt's character was pride. A good deal of humility, though not of a Christian sort, was required by the politicians who took their cue from the contrivers of the Raid. The nominal leader of that singular enterprise is now Prime Minister of Cape Colony. Its real author has passed, like Sir William Harcourt, beyond the reach of human censure or applause. Vicarious buccaneering was not to the taste of a man who had learned politics from Cornwall Lewis, and taught at Cambridge the principles of international law. If personal regard for Lord Milner kept Sir William Harcourt silent when he might with advantage have spoken out, he never concealed his disapproval of the

policy which led to the South African War.

Of Mr. Chamberlain's other policy, which is not to be called Protection, but "Colonial Preference," Sir William was an outspoken and unsparing critic. Although he glorified the Whigs as the builders of his beloved constitution, he had much in common with Peel. He saw clearly, and said plainly, that, important as Free Trade was in Cobden's time, it had become fifty times more important since Cobden's death. In 1846 the Corn Laws caused a vast amount of wretchedness and starvation. Their re-enactment would be national ruin. Sixty years ago the British Islands supported upon their own resources two-thirds of their population. They scarcely support one-third now. Peel was conscious that he would have a name execrated by every monopolist. The blessings of the same enlightened and unselfish class would assuredly descend in plentiful abundance upon the man who undid the work of Peel. Sir William Harcourt had no such ambition. An aristocrat by temperament, he had the democratic fibre which contact with great masses of men strengthens in every robust mind. Democratic in one sense he was not. No Home Secretary was ever firmer in maintaining law. For this purpose he did not shrink in the days of the dynamite scare from opening letters at the Post Office, and Coercion

for Ireland had no stronger advocate until he was convinced that it had failed. But his finance was democratic, and it was the economic and constitutional side of politics for which he chiefly cared. Peace, economy, free trade, and the maintenance of the Protestant religion were the pillars of his political Church. He would have agreed with Gambetta that priestcraft was the enemy, and against clerical pretensions he was always ready to lift up his voice, or take up his pen. If he was not a great Imperialist, he was a great Englishman. His foibles, as well as his virtues, were insular. He did not care about anything that could not be expressed in plain English. His invective was like the blows of a sledge-hammer. An omnivorous reader, with a retentive memory, his knowledge of books, ancient and modern, made his style simple and classical, never subtle or obscure. He was accused of inconsistency, and it would be difficult to deny that when he took up Local Option, or when he became a Home Ruler, he changed his mind. But the last months of his life were spent in upholding the economic principles of his youth, and his kindness was a quality which never failed. There is probably nothing by which he would rather be remembered than the constant efforts which he made as Home Secretary to prevent the imprisonment of children.

The Contemporary Review.

Herbert Paul.

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PORTENT AND A VISIT.

Late that evening there came a hurried tap at the door, and Mrs. Penny entered with a scared face.

"Is she here? Is Mrs. Ullathorne here?" she inquired.

"I have persuaded her to lie down upstairs," returned my Mother. "I doubt she'll have a fever or some such thing."

"I was to bring this note to her," resumed Mrs. Penny, "'tis from Sir Jocelyn. Oh, what doings, Farmer Forshaw!"

Here she dropped her voice and looked round with an expression half-terrified, half-important.

"Did you know that Cousin Robert Billsborough has been in the Stocks?"

"Aye, indeed," returned my Father, "and serve him right too. I hope the lads gave him a mauling!"

"Oh fie, Mr. Forshaw, you should not say such things. But indeed he is badly bruised, and his dress in such a state—torn and dirty and stinking. They pelted him with rotten eggs among other things."

"I'm glad on't," broke out little Patty vindictively. "Rotten eggs! Ha, ha!—well they could not hurt him much; but the stone which James Brewster flung by his orders has made such a wound on my sweet Dorothy's arm."

"Hush, for shame of thee, Patty, Child," said my Mother in a scandalized tone. "We must not forget that Master Robert is one of the Quality, and own Cousin to Sir Jocelyn and her Ladyship—and what says her Ladyship, Madam?"

"Oh, I am nigh distraught, good Mrs. Forshaw," groaned Mrs. Penny, "I think her Ladyship will die of it. Sir Jocelyn told her all in a breath that he meant to marry that young woman, and that he had put Cousin Robert in the Stocks and intended to send him to the right about. And when my Lady asked him how our unfortunate Kinsman would live if he deprived him thus of a home, he returned with such a strange laugh: 'Why, Madam, his chastisement will be a severe one, but I mean it to be such. He must work—work like an honest man!' And then nothing would serve him but that her Ladyship must send the coach immediately hither to carry Mrs. Ullathorne to Ferneby, for, said he, it were

not fitting that his future Wife should expose herself to further danger and insult by living in yonder ramshackle place."

"And is the coach coming to fetch her?" inquired my Mother with a startled look. "We made her promise to bide with us till the month is out that she is to keep Sir Jocelyn waiting."

"No, she is not to go there till to-morrow," said Mrs. Penny, "for you must know my Cousin, Lady Gillibrand, fell into so violent a fit of Hysterics on hearing the proposal that we were all frightened out of our wits. She intends to leave the place herself to-morrow and journey to the Dower House in Yorkshire. She will not, she declares, remain an hour in the house with that designing hussy, as she calls the young woman Ullathorne; and Sir Jocelyn himself is going away that he may not distress or importune Mrs. Dorothy by his company. I think he says as much in this letter."

"I will give it to her," said Patty quickly; and taking the note from Mrs. Penny's hand she ran upstairs with it.

She returned presently with a serious face.

"Dorothy sends her grateful duty to Sir Jocelyn and is much obliged to him," quoted she, "but she could not accept his offer. She would rather remain here with us as has been settled; and she prays Sir Jocelyn not to leave his home, and to persuade her Ladyship to remain there. And now she is weeping again," went on Patty, much distressed, "after all the trouble we had to pacify her. I wish we had not given her the letter to-night. She says she brings trouble on every one and she wishes she were dead."

"Oh, hush! fie!" commented Mrs. Dugden, "'twas very ill done of the young female to say such a thing, and you should not repeat it. Now I must

go back to Sir Jocelyn, and I suppose he will be in a taking at her answer. Oh dear, oh dear!" groaned the poor lady, "I'm sure I don't know what I shall do among 'em all. Her Ladyship is bent on leaving to-morrow, and her woman and I will be up half the night packing for her. Doctor Bradley has given her a composing Draught, so it is to be hoped she will sleep, but what we are to do to-morrow when we are so far from the worthy Gentleman I can't think."

Here the tears started to her eyes, and she continued in a quavering voice: "Such a break-up as it is—the Doctor will, of course, remain behind. And there is poor Master Robert such a figure, and all his things to be got together, and sent to him at the Sign of the Hen and Chickens, for Sir Jocelyn would not suffer him to stay a moment in the house, when he came up after being freed from the Stocks. Indeed, I cannot help saying it—my Cousin Jocelyn is as savage as a bear where he is concerned. I think he would have kept him all night in the Stocks if my Lady had not insisted on his release. It is all so strange and I am so much upset—" here her voice became inarticulate and she wiped her eyes.

"I wouldn't take on so if I was you, Ma'am," urged my Mother, in her soft, cooing tones. "Maybe her Ladyship won't leave when she hears as Dorothy is so set again' going up to the Hall. Maybe naught 'ull come of it after all. The poor lass don't seem to take very kindly to the notion o' weddin' Sir Jocelyn—nay, she didn't seem to take to it kindly at all."

But here my Father interrupted her with a sort of roar, and thumped the floor with his stick; and Mrs. Penny, rising with an offended air, remarked that she was sure she didn't know what the world was coming to, and that things would be at a pretty pass

indeed if a girl like Dorothy Ullathorne refused a Gentleman like Sir Jocelyn; but that, taking one thing with another, she herself did not know if she were on her head or her heels. And thereupon, becoming doleful once more, she desired me, in a lamentable tone, to open the door for her, and summoning John Footman, who was standing in the yard with his lantern waiting to escort her home, requested him almost with a moan to lead the way.

When the faint patter, patter of her footsteps had died away, Patty, who had been sitting on the hearthrug at my Father's feet, suddenly broke silence.

"I agree with you, Sir," said she, "I think Dorothy will marry Sir Jocelyn."

"Why should you say that?" cried I; and there rose up before me a vision of my Master's face as I had last seen it, and I seemed to hear his voice—"Farewell, good Luke—be my friend still while I am away." I bethought me of the grasp of his strong and slender hand—that hand which he had extended to me in such frank good-fellowship as though I had indeed been his friend and comrade. What kind of friend was I, if I could stand by calmly while his Mistress was filched away from him? My blood grew hot within me so that I did not catch the beginning of Patty's eager rejoinder.

"—All these things and many more she said to me," went on the little lass, "I think the fright and the pain of her arm made her a bit light-headed. She keeps on talking half to me and half to herself. 'There is no other way out of it,' she says. And then, 'Sir Jocelyn is right; I believe it is my fate.' And she said just now, 'After all it is better for both of us to make an end of what can never come to a happy issue.'"

"Pray what did she mean by that?"

said my Mother, who was much mystified.

In her excitement, Patty had evidently forgotten that here she was treading on dangerous ground and might, in another moment, have dropped some more tell-tale hint of Dorothy's secret if I had not coughed so loudly, as not only to attract her attention but to draw down upon myself the wrath of my Father, who desired to know what I meant my letting off my "hm's" and "ha's" as though they were gunshots, and informed me that if I could not control myself I had better walk out into the yard.

I went out, nothing loth, but not before I had shaken my head vehemently at Patty, and observed from her conscience-stricken face that I had recalled her to a sense of her error.

Mrs. Dorothy did not come among us again for some days and, when at last sufficiently recovered to leave her bed, crept about with so wan and pitiful a face that it would have melted a heart of stone. I think even those who had been most violent against her would have been touched at her altered mien and spiritless voice; but indeed not many came nigh our place at that time. The Hall was deserted, both Sir Jocelyn and her Ladyship having carried out their intentions, and our own neighbors kept away from us from shame.

As for Lychgate, it was tenantless during those days, even Malachi having disappeared in his usually mysterious manner, shortly after the unlucky day of our great Breaking. Fleetfoot was stabled in one of our spare stalls, and our folks saw to the remainder of Mrs. Dorothy's live stock. It made a deal of work for my Mother, who was obliged to undertake the management of Mrs. Dorothy's dairy as well as her own, and my Father, too, was kept busy between the two places. But they undertook the labor willingly

for friendship's sake. As my Father said, it would not last long.

One day, commenting on Malachi's absence to Patty, I was surprised to see the little wench assume a knowing air.

"I think," said she, "he has gone to visit one you know."

"What—Mrs. Dorothy's lover?" I stammered.

"Yes, indeed," answered she, "for the day before he went Dorothy was writing and writing, and then tearing up all she writ and weeping, and then writing again. And I saw a little packet in her hand when she sent for Malachi to see her privately in her chamber. And one thing—she wears no more that token round her neck."

"Why, Sir Jocelyn destroyed it," said I.

"The brooch, yes, though, dost thou know, she made me rake out the ashes to see if I could find a trace of it, and I picked up a little lump of gold. She looked so strange when I gave it to her, and I have never seen it since; but the other was a coin, or rather the half of a coin, pierced so that a ribbon could be run through it, and this she always wore round her neck."

"Well," said I, "we shall see what we shall see; but it would surprise me much if yonder Gentleman submitted tamely. I wonder if she has told him of Sir Jocelyn's offer."

We were sitting round the fire an evening or two after this, Johnny being a-bed, Patty as usual installed in her favorite place at my Father's feet, and Mrs. Dorothy seated opposite gazing pensively into the flames, when Patty broke a long silence by exclaiming:—

"We shall have a visitor soon!"

"How can you tell that?" cried her friend in a startled tone.

"Why don't you see that big flake of soot on the second bar of the grate? 'Tis a certain sign, for I'm sure the grate is scraped bright enough every

morning, so it couldn't ha' got there by chance."

"On the second bar dost thou say, Child?" asked my Mother. "Then 'twill be a man!"

"What folly!" exclaimed Dorothy sharply, and stooping she seized the poker, making as though she would do away at once with the unwelcome omen. But Patty with a little scream stayed her hand.

"Bide a bit! bide a bit!—Let's see how soon we may expect him? One! Two!—"

She clapped her hands, and at the second stroke the flake flew off.

"It'll be the day arter to-morrow!" cried Patty triumphantly.

"I never heard such nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Ullathorne. She had not spoke with such spirit since the day of our Breaking, and we all looked at her in surprise. She had risen, and even in the firelight we saw how flushed her face was.

"Happen it will be Sir Jocelyn," says my Father, removing his pipe and raising himself a little in his chair.

"No, indeed," returned she vehemently, "he is a man of his word, and would never come before the allotted time."

"Then it 'ull be somebody else," said my Mother decidedly. "I have never known that token fail. I wonder who it can be. 'Tisn't as if 'twas market day neither!"

"A Pedlar maybe," said I quickly, for I saw that Dorothy grew even more discomposed.

"Very like," said my Mother. "I'm sure I wish some travelling body o' that mak' would come round, for thy last year's winter petticoat is a disgrace, Patty."

"And I could like a new kerchief, too," put in Patty.

Then while the two fell to planning about their duds, Dorothy slipped quietly from the room.

All next day, however, she was nervous and agitated, and on the following morning she could scarce sit to her breakfast. I own to having felt a bit excited myself all that day, and I won't say but what I put Chestnut to a brisker pace on returning from the office than that at which he was used to carry me. I flung the reins to Stumpy on reaching home and, without pausing to see how my poor nag was done to, I hurried into the house.

They were all sitting in the parlor as usual, though I noticed that Dorothy had half risen from her chair, and that her face was turned towards the door as though in expectancy.

"I knew it could be nobody but Luke," cried Patty reassuringly, as I entered. "Think no more on the omen, Dorothy—I daresay 'tis all foolishness."

"I wouldn't say that," put in my Mother, nodding her head, "but it 'ull not be the Pedlar, as how 'tis, for he never comes so late."

None of us spoke much at supper; I think, in spite of ourselves, we were all anxious and ill at ease, and we had well-nigh finished when of a sudden we heard the distant beat of horse's hoofs. We looked at each other, and my Father set down his tankard rather noisily and said:—

"'Tis some traveller on the way to Upton."

But the sound came nearer, and we held our breath; and the yard dog began to bark, and then we heard the gate swing on its hinges, and then the horse proceeding at a foot's pace as though he were being led, and all at once a voice cried out close beneath our windows:—

"Is there any one here who will take my horse?"

We had all sat as though turned to stone, but at the sound of that voice I looked at Dorothy, and I saw that she had fallen back in her chair. Her

lips were parted, her eyes strained, but she did not say a word.

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed my Mother. "So it's come true after all! You'd best go out, Luke, and see to the horse."

"Stumpy's there," said I. For the life of me I could not have moved.

My Father pushed back his chair and grasped his stick, but before he could rise to his feet the house door, which was not yet bolted, was opened from without, and a breath of cold air rushed into the room, for the parlor door stood ajar. In another moment this too was flung back, and there stood a tall man in black, with a pale face and eyes that seemed to shoot forth flames. I had not noticed that it was raining, but a sharp shower must have come on while we were at table for his fair locks hung lank from their ribbon, and the moisture dripped from his hat and clothes on to the floor.

Not one word did he speak by way of greeting, but his gleaming eyes swept round the table and rested on Dorothy, to whom he immediately made an imperious sign with his hand.

Thereupon, also without a word, she got up, pushed past my Father, who would have stayed her, went towards my Master with a swift if unsteady gait, and the two stepped forth together into the dusk.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed my Mother, as the house door closed behind them. "Did ever a body hear o' such a thing? Who is the Gentleman, and what does he want comin' here at this time o' night? Come back, Dorothy!" she cried, hastening to the door, "come back! Why," she added, "they've gone into the orchard. And the rain comin' down fit to drown them both, and the grass long enough to reach her knees welly. I'll go and——"

"You stop here, Missus," cried my Father in a tone of command which he rarely assumed towards her, "I'll

see to this myself. Pretty doin's indeed! And that honorable Gentleman, Sir Jocelyn, puttin' all his trust in her. I couldn't have believed it o' the wench. To see her walk off wi' that gallant the very minute he crooked his finger! I'll make an end on't—I'll not have her carryin' on wi' a strange Wooster in my house."

"Pray, Sir," said I, springing up from my chair and rushing towards him, "pray, Sir, do not disturb them. 'Tis her Kinsman, I think—'tis an old friend at any rate, for I have seen him before."

"Have ye indeed, and why didst never say naught about it?" returned he; then growing suddenly wroth again, "Then why can't she talk to her Kinsman, or her friend, or whoever the spark may be, indoors like any other decent lass, instead of trapezing off to the orchard. Run out, Patty, and bid them come in at once."

"Stay where you are, Patty," cried I—"I beg your pardon, Sir," I stammered, turning to my Father again, "but indeed I think they may want to talk private-like, and could not very well speak out before us all."

"Pooh!" cried he, with ever-increasing anger, "did not his Honor Sir Jocelyn speak out his mind before us willing enough? Aye, and the lass made no to-do about it, neither. I'll not have such doings, I say. Bid them come in out of the rain, I tell ye! If thou's met the man before, thou'd best go, Luke; but come in they must."

My Father was not to be gainsaid, and thinking it were better to go myself than to suffer any other messenger to be despatched in my stead, I made my way across the yard and through the wicket gate into the great orchard which lay behind our house; the rain all the time beating upon my bare head and lashing my face.

It was almost dark now, but I could discover the two figures standing at

the further end of the place, Dorothy's white dress marking her outline more plain than that other shape which stood facing it, and which seemed to loom gigantically tall.

I stumbled forward slowly, often falling up against the low-growing branches of an apple or a plum tree, the twigs sometimes scratching my face and sometimes catching in my clothes. I called aloud I know not what, as I walked, but they took no heed to me, and when I was within twenty paces of them I saw Dorothy's figure engulfed in the embrace of the tall dark one, and I heard her voice raised as if with a note of agony.

"Only you—there is only, only you!"

But even before I reached them, I saw them fall apart, and Dorothy turning began to run towards the house, groping her way with her wavering hands.

I would have stopped her, but she made a blind rush past me, and I heard her stumble against a tree, at which she uttered a little cry, but immediately went forward again, moaning to herself, I believe unconsciously.

I hastened towards my Master, who had meanwhile remained motionless where she had left him.

"Will you not come indoors?" said I. "'Tis a wild night, and you are welcome to speak to Mrs. Dorothy as private as you like."

He roused himself with a start.

(To be continued.)

London Times.

"Nay, Luke," he returned, I have no more business with that lady. We have settled our affair—all except one small account which I shall render to her shortly. We have not been long, have we? Five minutes here under the trees. And I have rid hundreds of miles to see her. A long way for five minutes—and pressing my poor Star sorely. Well, now we must ride away again."

"Oh, Sir," I pleaded, "come in at least for an hour's rest. You will kill your poor beast!"

"We must risk that," said he. "No, Luke. 'Tis her wish, and who could thwart a Lady's wish? Come, fetch out my nag and let us talk no more."

I led the way in silence to the stable, and pushing Stumpy on one side as he would have offered his services, I saddled Star with much compassion for the gallant beast's evident distress, and held my Master's stirrup once more with trembling fingers, while the heart in my breast was as heavy as lead.

He stooped towards me as he gathered up his reins.

"Tell Mrs. Ullathorne," said he, "that though I may not write to her, she shall get news of me before long. News which she may perchance not like to hear."

And with a low, and to my mind a singular laugh, he rode away into the darkness and the rain.

INSTINCT IN THE MAKING

ON A CAITHNESS MOOR.

But why Caithness? Why not any other moorland more favored for grouse than the extreme north country, whereon stands John O'Groat's house? The reason is that it is here, beyond

all other districts, where the old-time shooting over dogs is to be found in all its traditional science. Of course there is shooting over pointers and setters everywhere in the Highlands,

or very nearly everywhere; the sport also flourishes in Wales and Ireland: it is even supported by Mr. Walter Morrison, along with a few others, in Yorkshire, but there only as a link with the past.

But in Caithness and the Western Islands of Scotland it is dog-work, or no grouse. Shooting over dogs in this country started—I do not know when. Certainly Henry VIII. passed laws and ordinances to prevent the use of "hail shot," but shooting game on the wing over dogs came in only with the House of Hanover, whereas it had existed for many years previously upon the Continent.

The English grouse has become an earlier breeding bird than he was, and the reason of it is that for a century the shooters over dogs, not willingly, but by the force of circumstances, took the tamest birds and therefore the latest hatched. The natural outcome, under the laws of the survival of the fittest, was that birds would sooner or later become too wild to shoot over dogs, and that is precisely what had happened by the middle of last century. The grouse cocks of forty years ago were lords of broad acres in Yorkshire, fearing nothing in the sky or on the earth. The falcons had been killed off, and the men and dogs were beaten in a combat of wits with the birds of many seasons that kept watch and guard upon the heather hillocks. But away north at that time the gunner was only just discovering Caithness, and instinctive grouse education was only just beginning. For one thing, there was no railway to Caithness until late in the 'seventies, and only slightly before that had one been made through Sutherlandshire up to Helmsdale. The first time the writer travelled that line his English ideas of railway precision and punctuality received a shock when the train pulled up at Dunrobin station, some quarter

of a mile from the Sutherland Palace on the cliff above the sea.

"Will I go on?" asked the guard.

"You will not," replied the station-master.

"Is there any one coming up?" asked the guard.

"I shall send down and ask," replied the station-master.

So we got out upon the platform and pranced about for half an hour; then the train was allowed to proceed on its way to Helmsdale, the terminus in those days. From the latter point to Wick was a forty miles coach drive along the coast and past Dunbeath Castle; it was a lovely tour; far preferable to the dreary scenes that the train now traverses to Thurso.

But Wick itself is a place to live out of; to put it very mildly, it smells of fish. Five miles out of the town, at Stirkoke, dwelt Major Horn, from whom the writer took the shooting of his compact little estate. It was this gentleman's grandson who was one of the victims in the Eton fire a short year ago. But my story is not of thirty-three years ago, but of the Caithness of to-day.

To me the greatest charm of a visit to the moors is to live upon them, and to hear the grouse cocks challenge through the open bedroom windows before one is up in the morning. Probably Strathmoor Lodge is the best situated in the country, for from its windows one can see the grouse "becking," and also the most famous of all spring salmon rivers—the Thurso. There is no climbing to get up to the moors in Caithness; every shooting lodge is built upon them, and you have but to open the front door and kill a grouse, if you will. It is paradoxical that those who are most anxious to slay the birds should also best like them in life; so that it is probable the grouse that are bold enough to challenge all comers, within range of

a shot-gun from the bedroom windows, will be deemed as sacred as Jove's bird in the deer forests. The golden eagle is not often to be seen in Caithness though. He prefers to make his eyrie in mountain rocks where human feet have never trodden, and, excepting the pigeon and seagull-haunted rocks of the coast, there are none such in Caithness.

These sea-gulls are not an unmixed blessing, although their eggs are protected by Act of Parliament. They are hunters of game eggs and slayers of the young grouse, and, besides that, are so bold that I have seen them take the fish from above the cottage doors, where they hung in strings to dry for the support of poor folk in the long dark days of winter. For the latitude of Caithness is nearing that of the midnight summer sun, and the long dark night from autumn to spring. But not only the old but the young sea-gulls—in spite of their boldness amidst unarmed fisher folk—have an instinctive knowledge of the range of a shot-gun.

Caithness is unique in this: it is the last left breeding-place of the wild geese in Britain. The species that inhabits these vast solitudes, and finds safety in the big lakes, is the gray-lag goose, probably the founder of our own domestic variety. They are in every way alike except that the partial albinism of domestication is absent, but one can see the process of domestication proceeding every day. The natives are very fond of adding a few wild eggs to those of their own domestic geese, and the resulting birds are in every way interesting. They are as tame as their foster-parents, but cannot resist an aerial voyage upon the smallest provocation. The domestic geese, too, have a look of wildness that suggests a later evolution than we see in the farmyards of the South and in the cages at the poultry shows. The

grown wild goose is a match for anything on earth: he fears no foe beyond that point of fear where "discretion is the better part of valor." His long neck, stretched upward to the fullest, when his mates are feeding, provides safety on the land. In the water he affects that part farthest from possible dangers, but this is when he is fully grown. There is a period before he can fly when he makes most excellent green goose and is not difficult to poach. Half-fledged geese have to feed upon the land, and if found by the shepherds they are in danger. It is surprising how they can flap and run waterwards, but not fast enough to prevent the sheep-dog "rounding them up" and cutting off their retreat. Then they crouch in the heather, and would succeed in deceiving the man's eyes, but they fall victims to the dogs that hunt for them by scent.

The later breeding of Caithness grouse at the present time may not be entirely the reason of their greater reliance upon hiding than upon flight. This must be so, for not even late in the season do they approach the wildness of Yorkshire August grouse. It may be that the Iceland falcons pay winter visits to the far north mainland, and teach the birds that the foes of the air are more to be dreaded than that arch-enemy, man himself. Even the wild geese up in those lands stand in awe of that winged enemy. On one occasion an artificial kite, being flown for the purpose of making grouse lie to the dogs' points, actually had the same effect upon a wild goose, which was seen lying with neck stretched out upon the ground, and head turned aside, to watch the dreaded aerial counterfeit. It is the only case of the sort I ever heard, and before then I thought that nothing in the world could scare a wild goose out of its wits and make it lie to the point of a dog.

A grouse appears to know the looks

of a fox, and his methods, much better than those of a dog; but sometimes the grouse mistake an Irish red setter for a fox, and I have seen them, instead of croaching out of sight, as they usually do from a dog's point, stand up, flick their tails, and walk away, as who should say, "Keep your distance, pray, and I do not mind, but I am ready to fly instantly if you make a rush." But when grouse are as much alive to danger as this behavior in the presence of a supposed fox implies; when they have all their wits about them; they have but to catch sight of a falcon in the air and they appear to melt into the earth instantly and all at once. They have merely crouched among the heather, well knowing that their only chance of escape from the peregrine is not to fly, and they do this, although they are instinctively aware that the fox can kill them where they hide. Perhaps they think (if it is thinking) that the greater terror in the air will hush all nature, just as the "Hough! hough!" of the tiger silences the Indian jungle voices, from the scream of the peacock to the "I-smell-the-blood-of-a-dead-Hindu" wail of the prowling jackal. But the fox cares nothing for the falcon.

Farther south, in the Highlands of Perthshire, where the eagle is preserved, how differently do the grouse behave on his approach! Jove's sacred bird—miscalled the King of the Air—is an earth-grubber, he will even condescend to live upon carrion when he cannot kill for himself, and I am not certain he does not prefer his game high and killed for him. The grouse upon sight of him take wing for safety's sake, knowing that the lordly bird is but a slow-coach, and can never catch a grouse that has a good start. It is true that these birds, and ptarmigan too, have been knocked down, when rising from the ground, by an eagle on the wing, but the feat is al-

most as seldom performed as that greater one, when the eagle buffets and scares a stag until it drives him headlong over some precipice, and so kills him. The Duke of Portland has a fine deer forest in Caithness, and is not as unsportsmanlike as his predecessor, who would employ an army of watchers rather than let one stag stray in autumn on to the ground upon which so many had obtained their winter's food. Few shooters in that country could claim a deer in those days, but now it is different, as it should be, and one of the most useful of the sportsman's impedimenta is a telescope, wherewith to scan the hills for deer, before proceeding to disturb them with dogs for grouse. Every Highlander seems able to manage a telescope and spy deer, whereas it takes an English novice a considerable educational period to find the hill on which they are lying. Then when they are found and Sandy has *made* you see them, the question of the value of their heads is only remotely connected with your inspection. Sandy, on the contrary, shuts up his glass with a slam and proclaims "there will be just wan muckle beastie amang 'em, and she doots if she'll 'a ten points or a Royal head."

Then we discuss the situation; we are upon sheep ground, which implies that such a chance of a ten, or twelve, pointer will probably not be obtained again for this season; possibly not for half a dozen years. It ends as it was bound to do. The Highlander proposes the method, and I follow it, and him. It appears that the nearest way to these deer is to turn our backs to them, and go in the opposite direction for some two miles; we cannot cross the flat between us and them because of their eyes, and must get round to the back of the slope on which they are lying. But if we do that the wind will be blowing from us to them, and,

as Lord Breadalbane's forester once observed: "All the baths you gentlemen have do not seem to do you much good with the deer." So we have to compromise matters, and go in with the wind on the right cheek, although this will be difficult too, seeing that "our big beasty" will then be farthest away from us of the herd, and we shall have to pass several hinds and smaller stags to get to safe shooting range.

Is it chance, I wonder, that places the stag where his eyes protect him from the north, his nose from the south, his harem from the west, and impossible ground from the east? Is it education in the making, or adding to the instinct inherited from a hundred generations? Apparently we shall succeed, for we manage to keep the most dangerous hind well down wind of us, and also well out of sight, as we creep past her. Suddenly, however, a grouse cock soars into the air eight feet from the ground, "becking" proudly; but at an untimely hour, for it approaches noon. It alarms the stalkers but not the deer, for the language of the forest is better known to them than to us. Farther on we creep; now confident of success, although another cock grouse rises, and goes away challenging; this one we flushed in fear, the other was but soaring in the natural exuberance of his joy. It is necessary to have another look at the hind to see if her suspicions have been aroused by the bird's alarm. They have; she has marked our locality, and is circling around us to get our scent; soon she will cross our line, and "give us away" to her lord and master. What is to be done? We might try a shot at three hundred yards, but it is not sportsmanlike to do so, and we refrain. There is no chance if we do nothing; there is little in any case. "Shoot into the pool 'beyont' him, and likely she'll coom this way," exclaimed

Sandy. Shoot I did; and remained motionless. Back came the stag, straight after the wary hind. Was it that he was following her, or was it that he saw the splash of the bullet in the water? Luckily it was the latter, for when he got opposite to us he turned and looked behind him to make out what he had seen. He was an easy shot then, but it had been a difficult stalk, and his head has ten long even tines on widespread beams.

But it is for its dogs and its grouse-shooting that Caithness is mostly celebrated. I have brought up, besides old dogs, a yard-broken puppy; she has never seen a grouse when I take her out for a walk to see what she thinks of them. Evidently she suspects a bit more yard-breaking, and loafs around with no particular object in view except, apparently, tumbling about on the long heather. Suddenly I walk up a brood of grouse. She sees and watches their flight. When they have totally disappeared over the horizon she goes to the spot whence they rose, sniffs at the place, then races for all she is worth to the point where they disappeared over the horizon. I am pleased with this; it shows that she can connect cause and effect, so I sit down and wait for her return. In ten minutes she comes, in a terrible state of excitement, once more to examine the place whence the grouse rose; she seems to have forgotten my presence entirely. However, I put a lead on her and take her farther into the moor, walk full into the wind, and let her go once more. This time she quarters right and left at right angles with the wind; she has had no teaching, but does it instinctively. But instinct is not a perfect teacher, for although she turns properly into the wind on the left side of me, on the right side she cuts a figure of six, starting the hook by turning down wind. She will not do this when she gains sense, but will

keep the wind "in her teeth." The puppy finds more grouse, rushes in and chases them out of sight. Again she returns and finds, and this time points, her bird, with the promptings of a thousand generations quivering her nerves. She is calling up some dormant recollections of a past state perhaps, and becomes more perfect at every new experience; and as yet I have not cautioned her in the yard-breaking method.

But this youngster is not the only one that finds new instinct as she works. Here, for instance, is her grandmother, five years old and wise. She goes up to her birds, and at gunshot distance away, points them; then draws on by my side, leading me quicker and quicker, for she knows the grouse are running hard. What now, I wonder—not a false point surely! Not a blink! Still she has cast away to the right, gets on forward, turns again, and points directly at me from two hundred yards ahead. This will make them lie; but who taught her to do it? She has had four seasons upon the moors, and never hinted at this business before; perhaps she will not again for many a long day, but when she does, it will certainly be the only way to stop the running birds and make them wait for the gunning biped, who

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is much too slow even for the inclinations of a five-year-old pointer. This, again, is instinct in the making; will that puppy's puppy of hers inherit it from a remoter past, born as she was before it developed, or will the old grandmother's next offspring prove better than the last? In either case they will be good enough for grouse that have an instinctive education of one hundred years to make up before they behave like the Yorkshire grouse and the Arabs. The latter have a proverb which declares that "There is one devil, and there are many devils; but there is no devil like a Frank in a round hat." The Yorkshire grouse have but to see a man's head on the horizon in the far-off distance to increase the space by miles.

They have a hundred and fifty good reasons for their wildness—a hundred and fifty generations in which only the wildest have survived to impart their fears of man. In Calthness the grouse fear man but little more than the gulls fear the fisher folk, whose drying fish they steal at the front doors of their cottages. But, unlike the gulls, that learn wisdom as they fly, the birds of the heather have not seen enough of men to differentiate between those with guns and others without them.

G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

PSYCHOLOGICAL QUACKERY.

Folly has always been a profitable commodity in the eyes of the cunning, but perhaps there never was a time when fools were in the same danger of exploitation as in these days of psychical research. Psychology, like medicine, interests every one. Psychical problems are not worked out in silence,

they are discussed in the public periodicals. The cunning thus get hold of the raw material of thought, and put it to their own nefarious purposes. They describe suggestions as theories, they draw concrete deductions from abstract hypotheses, and thus they deceive the ignorant, who gape in ad-

miration before a semblance of knowledge, and will not believe that safety for the unlearned lies, not in the spacious fields of untrodden speculation, but in the well-worn footpaths of experience and common-sense. The extent of the power of mind over matter is a secret which scientific men are eagerly seeking. They are beginning to suspect that its scope is greater than has hitherto been imagined. Charlatans fall upon their carefully expressed suspicions, declare them to be discoveries, and promptly set to work, with the aid of a few foolish victims, to turn them into money.

An advertisement at this moment in our hands offers an astonishing example of what we have been saying. It is headed "The—Success Club,"—we do not wish to advertise it by giving its name in full. Exhortations to join the Club, descriptions of its "grand work," and extracts from the letters of persons who have already joined, and who believe that they have in consequence succeeded in some undertaking which they had at heart, make up an amusing bundle of leaflets quite worth looking through. The object of the Club is the cure of failure; its method of procedure is as follows. A set of people—the members of the Club—wish one another success twice daily at a given hour, and in accordance with "the law of mentalism"—discovered, Mr. — assures us, by himself—they respectively succeed. "The success to be obtained through this mutual mental co-operation is not restricted to business affairs, money, &c., but pertains to all the honest desires of the mind." Every man, we are told, "possesses within himself a mighty power by which he can sway the minds and change the plans of other people." In order to have the use of this desirable, if somewhat dangerous, gift explained to him, and in order to derive all possible benefit from the like power in

others, it is necessary only to send a dollar a month to the president of the Club, Mr. —. Cheaper terms are arranged for in particular circumstances too many and complicated to specify. So much for that part of the ingenious scheme, which may, we think, be described as pure falsehood. But the originator is far too astute not to erect a little screen of truth between the net and the bird. "Tens of thousands of hard-working people," he tells us, "have had their fondest hopes and aspirations destroyed and their success ruined by the discouraging influence of the people with whom they associated or for whom they worked." This is, no doubt, a fact, and it is cleverly worked in. The writer pushes his psychic nostrum very much as though it were a patent medicine. He asks questions concerning all those mental symptoms which are sure to be noticed by such as are in a state of disappointment, depression, or discontent. "When you are trying to carry out some plan, have you ever felt as though some unseen force were holding you back with a power so great that you could not throw it off?" he asks. This sensation we have all experienced, and, as in the case of doctor and patient, we are all inclined to think that the man who can describe the symptoms can also prescribe the remedy.

What sort of people, one wonders, are caught by such a snare as this? The question is answered in the advertisement itself. The founder of the Club with which we are dealing presents his possible game with some indication, in the shape of unsolicited testimonials, of the kind of birds he has already caught. A gentleman, we are told, "who had doubts as to our ability to fulfil our claims, but yet desired to know the truth, made inquiry of two hundred of our members, asking their opinion of our ability and

honesty in fulfilling our promises. Much to his surprise, he received a reply from each. Needless to say, he was convinced." Portions of these letters are reprinted, and, however obtained, we cannot help believing that they are genuine, though they are unsigned. We think no single person could ever have imagined so many different varieties of fool, and invented letters would surely have been less vague than many of these. The sad thing is that so many of the writers strike one as rather good people, hard-working, and pleased with a small tangible success, or even an imaginary moral improvement. Take the following:—"When a member only two months I noticed a complete change taking place in my daily life for the better. I know this was due to the continued forces of Mentalism from Professor — and the other members of the Success Club." Again:—"In justice to the — Success Club, of which I have been a member for several months, I must say that its teachings are noble, unselfish, and will raise a person's moral standard to a higher plane." Here is a third:—"Its general effect is to place its members upon a higher ideal of living, and give them a loftier conception of life."

These letters, and many more like them, come, we should imagine, from women. We do not think that there are many men who would be willing to pay a dollar a week on the off-chance of having their moral standard raised or being placed "upon a higher ideal." Some writers, whom we imagine to be men, take a somewhat less "high-falutin'" standpoint. One man has been enabled to collect his bad debts, which he had "before given up as lost." Another has had an unexpected gift of money. The letter of this beneficiary is worth quoting as a specimen of exceptional frankness and exceptional luck. "I find that your

Success Club is a great help to me. I am fired with nobler ambitions and desires. Things that previously I found it hard to say 'No' to are now no temptation to me. More than that, my employer has recognized a change in me and rewarded me financially. I hope to be always a member, and shall always thank you for your persistence in keeping after me to join." A master who rewards a bout of sobriety, and a servant who returns thanks to some one who has "kept after" him to the tune of a shilling a week, are really, we think, too unlikely to be invented.

It seems to us that all this nonsense provides a good deal of food for serious reflection. In the first place, it shows to what an extent spiritualist ideas are in the air, how little hold materialism has upon any class, and how hungry the world is to find out something about the supernatural. Secondly, it shows how the loud talking of the wise reaches nowadays to the ears of the ignorant, and what garbled notions they pick up from what they overhear. The seed must fall, of course, upon a prepared ground. The men and women who spare a shilling a week to purchase the goodwill of a crowd of unknown persons have wondered a good deal in a vague way about psychology, and are ready to be impressed by the clever, if meaningless, expression, "the law of mentalism." Without throwing the slightest doubt upon the importance of psychological investigation, and without any belief in obscurantism, we do think it is a matter for regret that it is so continually and so lightly discussed among the educated. Every fashion filters down. Psychical quackery is a very dangerous thing—almost as dangerous as medical quackery—and a tribe of psychological quacks have arisen lately, some of whom are sinister in their intentions, and some of whom are innocent, but

who in either case mislead the unhealthy-minded in a manner that is really pitiable. The state of half-education prevalent among the masses, both here and in America, renders the drugs obtained from these distributors exceedingly injurious. Extremes meet, and it is but a short step from paying for a "success treatment" to prescribing for the "evil eye." For a man to fix his mind upon its own machinery is almost as unwholesome as to fix it upon the construction of his own body; and it is more easily done. Convention prevents him from continually discussing his physical constitution with all and sundry; but unfortunately no like embargo is laid upon

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his talking of his psychological symptoms. One of the worst results of this fashion is that many sensible men are sickened of the subject, and so irretrievably prejudiced against it that they refuse altogether to give their minds to its consideration, and put down as at least a crank every man who declares his interest in it. One of the most fruitful and hopeful fields of thought is thus brought into discredit. Evidence is made hard to come by, and many valuable clues are lost. Psychologists cannot get at the truth of their science on account of the fools and knaves who stand chattering and chaffering around it.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Stevenson's "St. Ives" has just been published in French, translated by M. de Wyzewa, well known for his renderings into English; while Mrs Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" has reached a second edition in French.

A translation of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" has already appeared in Germany. It is now arranged that German versions of his "Sister Teresa" and "Evelyn Innes" are to be issued, under the titles of "Sacred Love" and "Profane Love" respectively.

A new volume of poems is coming from Mr. Owen Seaman, entitled "A Harvest of Chaff" (Constable), and Mr. Arthur Symonds has some new poems in a collection of "Studies in Prose and Verse" which Messrs. Dent have in preparation. Mr. Lane, too, announces an edition of "Collected Poems of William Watson," selected and arranged in two volumes by Mr. J. H. Spender.

Among the more important of Mr. Murray's forthcoming works are "The Essays of the late Lord Salisbury," which will form an interesting comparison with the early work of his rival, Disraeli; "Honoré de Balzac," by Mary Sandars, which should prove of exceptional interest, as Balzac was not only a writer but a liver of romances; and "The Heart of a Continent," by Colonel Younghusband.

The Swiss Government has announced its intention of commemorating the centenary of Schiller's death next year, by presenting to every school-child in the country a copy of his "Wilhelm Tell." Those children who are of the French or Italian speaking cantons will receive translations in their own language. The centenary is to be celebrated as a national affair, both in Germany and Switzerland.

A notable literary landmark of Glas-

gow is about to disappear with the demolition of the old "Saracen's Head," in the Gallowgate. It was at the "Saracen's Head" that Johnson and Boswell put up on their return from the Hebrides in 1773. Wordsworth came to it in the course of his tour in Scotland in 1803; and it is all but certain that Gray, the author of the "Elegy," first met the brothers Foulis, the printers, there.

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish in two volumes, of which only 240 copies will be offered for sale, an exact facsimile of the original English edition of the German popular stories collected by the brothers Grimm. All the illustrations by George Cruikshank which appeared in the first and second series of the stories, issued in 1823 and 1826 respectively, will be reproduced, and these will be printed from the original plates.

The constantly increasing demand for books which combine the philosophic, the devotional and the ethical, attests the seriousness of the age. Little, Brown & Co. make a notable addition to their long list of books of this order by publishing the first English translation of Gustav Theodore Fechner's "The Little Book of Life and Death." An introduction by Professor William James puts compactly and clearly before the lay reader the relation of Fechner's "daylight-view" philosophy to schools like that of Herbert Spencer, and draws an interesting parallel-contrast between the two thinkers. The translator, Mary E. Wadsworth, has done her work in a way which makes it quite possible to realize the remarkable impression produced by the book in the several editions through which it ran in the original. Slight in comparison with the bulk of Fechner's work, it yet represents his most profound and significant thought.

"The Words of Koheleth" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a title which piques curiosity until it is remembered that Koheleth is the Hebrew word infelicitously translated Ecclesiastes or the "Preacher," and that we have in this volume an interpretation of the Book of Ecclesiastes,—one of the most mysterious and baffling of the Old Testament group. In this book, Professor John Franklin Genung of Amherst college, who rendered a similar service to the book of Job several years ago, makes Ecclesiastes the subject of close and critical but constructive literary study, translating its text anew, dividing it according to the lines of thought which run through it, exploring it for its literary and spiritual meanings and adding a running commentary upon the text. Professor Genung has brought to this work as to the earlier one a reverent spirit, a constructive purpose and a fine literary instinct. No serious reader, lay or clerical, can fail to find the book suggestive and illuminating.

It is easy to understand, upon reading Dr. William Osler's lecture on "Science and Immortality" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) why the lecturer hesitated to speak upon the Ingersoll foundation at Harvard, which was established with a view to strengthening faith in immortality; for his own faith, if it may be called that, is but dim. He divides the world into three classes, the Laodiceans, who are indifferent to the idea of immortality, the Gallionians, who ignore the whole question and like their prototype "care for none of these things"; and the Teresians,—the idealists who walk by faith, and know themselves to be immortal. If Dr. Osler belongs to either of these classes, it is to the second, for his own confession of faith, reached after all his speculations, is that he "would rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right

with those who deny altogether the life after death." However the reader may regret Dr. Osler's conclusions, or perhaps we should say the absence of any, he cannot fail to be held by the singular charm of his literary style.

A delicate fancy, an overflowing and contagious joyousness and an unusual mastery of melody characterize Frank Dempster Sherman's "Lyrics of Joy." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) These are songs which seem almost to have sung themselves, so simple and unlabored are they. They convey sentiment without passion and there is a lilt to them which lingers in the memory. One may choose from them almost at random for illustrations of this haunting quality. For example, these lines from "Moonlight and Music."

"Dear Heart, do you remember
That summer by the sea,
One blue night in September
When you were here with me,
How like a pearl uplifted
The full moon rose and drifted,
And how the shadows shifted
Until the stars were free?

Along the beach the breakers
Brought in their lavish store,
Gathered from ocean acres,
And strewed the curving shore;
Grasses that gleamed and glistened,
Flowers that the sea had christened,
Shells at whose lips you listened
To learn their wonder-lore."

It is now nearly forty years since William Morris's "The Earthly Paradise" brought to thousands of American as well as English readers a new and very pleasurable sensation, in which the ancient and the modern were mingled. Its languorous charm can hardly have been forgotten, even by those who have not turned its pages since the first reading of them. The making of verse was not Mr. Morris's chief employment, but he attained a

higher degree of success in it than many who have made it their sole vocation. Lovers of "The Earthly Paradise" and many others to whom the fascination of Mr. Morris's verse is unfamiliar will welcome the attractive edition of his Poems which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish. The volume is not complete, but it presents well-chosen selections from Mr. Morris's most characteristic writings, including the early romantic poems, "The Earthly Paradise," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd the Volsung" and the later romantic and Icelandic poems. The volume is edited by Percy Robert Colwell, and is illustrated with a photogravure portrait.

No book of the season has been waited for more eagerly than the collection of Myra Kelly's studies of East Side school-children, which McClure, Phillips & Co. offer under the appropriate and suggestive title, "Little Citizens." These publishers have already made a number of notable successes in securing short stories of unusual quality for their magazine, but not Miss Daskam's Philip, nor scarcely dear Emmy Lou herself, has appealed to the popular heart like little Morris Mogilewsky, monitor of the gold-fish bowl. While Miss Kelly's character-drawing is uncommonly lifelike, her plots stand out with a distinctness not always found in fiction of this type. The story of the pilgrimage of the pathetic little band to "the land of heart's desire," for example, would be of poignant interest to a sympathetic listener, if it were told in the barest outline. There is humor in the sketches, too, and the various pedagogic fads which perplex the practical teacher are cleverly hit off. Attractively bound and illustrated, the book is of the sort that one would fain buy by the dozen for Christmas use.

THE DARK MAN.

I saw you pass with your love to mass,
 led by her tender hand,
 You dark man of Tirareagh, that could
 not understand
 When women's eyes looked kind on you
 unless their lips spoke too—
 That you were young and you were
 fair and your blind eyes were blue.

You often heard the fairy pipes when
 others lay asleep,
 For blind men hear so keenly that not
 a mouse can creep
 Unknown across the trodden floor
 though none with eyes could tell
 That on the shore of silence a foot had
 crushed a shell.

I knew you heard my people sing when
 moonlight bade them rise
 And go about their dancing, unseen of
 human eyes;
 I've seen you walking in the dew as if
 you sought a tryst,
 But oh! you sought no fairy girl, 'twas
 human lips you kissed.

I saw you pass to morning mass, a
 wedded man, ochone!
 Your bride was smiling at your side
 with eyes to be your own—
 She could not see me standing high in
 the springing corn,
 A fairy with her love put by, and jeal-
 ousy newborn.

I saw you pass to morning mass, and
 that your eyes were blind,
 I gladdened that you could not see how
 in the summer wind
 Your wife's face blossomed like a rose
 while I was pale to see,
 As the first faint flowers that April sets
 on the cornel-tree.

I see two pass no longer; the blind man
 prays alone
 And walks alone and sleeps alone, for in
 his breast's a stone,
 A gray stone with no name thereon
 whose like all men may see
 Up in the windy graveyard that fronts
 the Irish Sea.

The earth has got her own again, and
 down at Tirareagh
 A lonely bed and hearth are his all
 hours of night and day,
 Except the gray hour nearest morn
 when folk are nearest death,
 I claim that hour and take it though
 man and priest gainsaith.

I sit at Aileen's spinning-wheel, I rest
 my weary head
 Upon the breast that holds the dream
 of her when I have fled.
 I fill the crock with milk for him, I
 blow upon the peat
 Till the red glow in the cabin awakes
 the sleeping street.

Then when the neighbors enter and
 wondering stand around,
 And question if the buried wife some
 cranny place has found
 And come again to serve her man with
 food and firelight gleam,
 I leave them to their wonder, and the
 dark man to his dream.

Nora Chesson.

Longman's Magazine.

DAWN.

The first gray streaks of dawn but
 show
 The world yet sadder than before,
 As hill and tree and homestead grow
 Wan phantoms in the morning frore.

Wait; while the cold gray here is
 round us,
 There, rising up behind the height,
 The sun in rose-red splendor's found
 us,
 And all the world is full of light.

The Saturday Review.

MY FAITH.

In this strange world of thought how
 many creeds?
 And some not easy to be understood.
 Mine this: "God is, and all that is pro-
 ceeds
 From Him, and He is good."

William Cowan.

Good Words.